# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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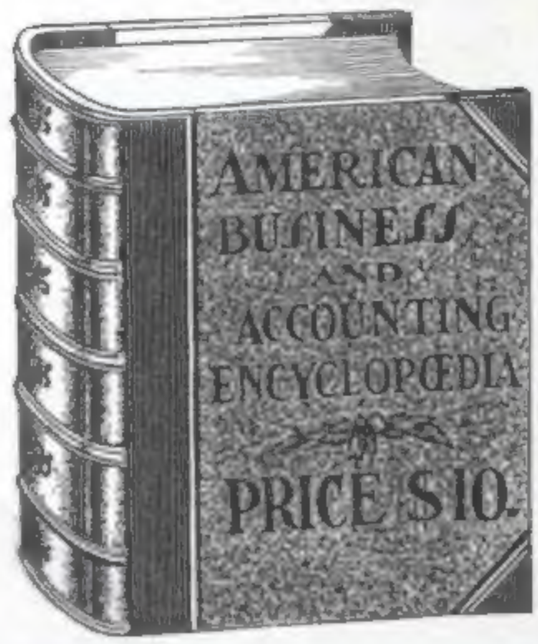


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# With Malice Aforethought

## By Owen Wister

*Author of "Superstition Trail"*

HE . . . . KISSED THE JEWEL IN THAT OTHER RING WHICH HE HAD GIVEN HER

*PART I*

MR. OWEN WISTER

TOWN lay twelve straight miles before the lover and his sweetheart when they came to the brow of the last long hill. All beneath them was like a map, neither man nor beast distinguishable, but the veined and tinted image of a country, knobs and flats set out in order clearly shining extensive and motionless in the sun. It opened on the sight of the lovers as they reached the sudden edge of the tableland, where since morning they had ridden with the head of neither horse ever in advance of the other.

At the view of their journey's end the Virginian looked down at his girl beside him; his eyes filled with a bridegroom's light, and hanging safe upon his breast he could feel the gold ring that he would slowly press upon her finger to-morrow. He drew off the glove from her left hand, and, stooping, kissed the jewel in that other ring which he had given her. The crimson fire in the opal seemed to mingle with that in his heart, and his arm lifted her during a moment from the saddle as he held her to him. But in her heart the love of him was troubled by that cold pang of loneliness which had crept upon her like a tide as the day drew near. None of her own people were waiting in that distant town to see her become his bride. Friendly faces she might pass on the way, but all of them new friends, made in this wild country; not a face of her childhood would smile upon her; and deep within her a voice cried for the mother who was far away in Vermont.

There lay the town in the splendor of Wyoming space. Around it spread the watered fields, westward for a little way, eastward to a great distance, making squares of green and yellow crops; and the town was but a poor rag in the midst of this quilted harvest. After the fields to the east, the tawny plain began; and with one faint furrow of river lining its undulations it stretched beyond sight. But west of the town rose the Bowleg Mountains, cool with their still unmelted snows, and their dull blue gulfs of pine.

From three cañons flowed three clear forks which began the river. Their confluence was above the town a good two miles—it looked but a few paces from up here; and each side the river straggled the margin cottonwoods, like thin borders along a garden walk. Over all this map hung silence like a harmony, tremendous yet serene.

"How beautiful! how I love it!" whispered the girl. "But oh, how big it is!" And she leaned against her lover for an instant. It was her spirit seeking shelter. To-day this vast beauty, this primal calm, had in it for her something almost of dread. The small, comfortable green hills of home rose before her. She closed her eyes and saw Vermont: a village street, and the post-office, and vines covering an old front door, and her mother picking some yellow roses.

At a sound her eyes quickly opened; and here was her lover turned in his saddle, watching another horseman approach. She saw the Virginian's hand in a certain position, and knew that his pistol was ready. But the other merely overtook and passed them as they stood at the brow of the hill.

The man had given one nod to the Virginian and the Virginian one to him: and now he was already below them on the descending road. To Molly Wood he was a stranger; but she had seen his eyes when he nodded to her lover, and she knew, even without the pistol, that this was not enmity at first sight.

It was not indeed. Five years of gathered hate had looked out of the man's eyes. She asked her lover who this was.

"Oh," said he easily, "just a man I see now and then."

"Is his name Trampas?" said Molly Wood.

The Virginian looked at her in surprise. "Why, where have you seen him?" he asked.

"Never till now. But I knew."

"My gracious! Yu' never told me yu' had mind-reading powers." And he smiled serenely at her.

"I knew it was Trampas as soon as I saw his eyes."

"My gracious!" her lover repeated with indulgent irony; "I must be mighty careful of my eyes when you're lookin' at 'em."

"I believe he did that murder," said the girl.

"Whose mind are yu' readin' now?" he drawled affectionately.

But he could not joke her off the subject. She took his strong hand in hers, tremulously, as much of it as her little hand could hold. "I know something about that—that—last autumn!" she said, shrinking from words more definite. "And I know that you only did——"

"What I had to," he finished very sadly, but sternly, too.

"Yes," she assented, keeping hold of his hand. "I suppose that—lynching (she almost whispered the word)—is the only way. But when they had to die just for stealing horses, it seems so wicked that this murderer——"

"Who can prove it?" asked the Virginian.

"But don't you know it?"

"I know a heap o' things inside my heart. But that's not proving. There was only the body, and the hoof-prints—and what folks guessed."

"He was never even arrested!" the girl said.

"No. He helped elect the sheriff in that county."

Then Molly ventured a step inside the border of her lover's reticence.

"I saw," she hesitated, "just now; I saw what you did."

He returned to his caressing irony. "You'll have me plumb scared if you keep on seein' things."

"You had your pistol ready for him."

"Why, I believe I did! It was mighty unnecessary." And the Virginian took out the pistol again, and shook his head over it, like one who has been caught in a blunder.

She looked at him and knew that she must step outside his reticence again. By love and her surrender to him their positions had been exchanged. He was not now, as through his long courting he had been, her half-obeying, half-refractory worshiper. She was no longer his half-indulgent, half-scornful superior. Her better birth and schooling that had once been weapons to keep him at his distance, or bring her off victorious in their encounters, had given way before the onset of the natural man himself. She knew her cowboy lover, with all that he lacked, to be more than ever she could be, with all that she had. He was her worshiper still, but her master, too. Therefore now, against the baffling smile he gave her, she felt powerless. And once again a pang of yearning for her mother to be near her to-day shot through the girl. She looked from her untamed man to the untamed desert of Wyoming, and the town where she was to take him as her wedded husband. But for his sake she would not let him guess her loneliness.

He sat on his horse Monte, considering the pistol. Then he showed her a rattlesnake coiled by the roots of some sage-brush.

"Can I hit it?" he inquired.

"You don't often miss them," she said, striving to be cheerful.

"Well, I'm told getting married unstrings some men." He aimed, and the snake was shattered. "Maybe it's too early yet for the unstringin' to begin!" And with some deliberation he sent three more bullets into the snake. "I reckon that's enough," said he.

"Was not the first one?"

"Oh, yes, for the snake." And then with one leg crooked cowboy fashion across in front of his saddle-horn he cleaned his pistol and replaced the empty cartridges.

Once more she ventured near the line of his reticence. "Has—has Trampas seen you much lately?"

"Why, no; not for a right smart while. But I reckon he has not missed me."

The Virginian spoke this in his gentlest voice. But his rebuffed sweetheart turned her face away, and from her eyes she brushed a tear.

He reined his horse Monte beside her, and upon her cheek she felt his kiss. "You are not the only mind-reader," said he very tenderly. And at this she clung to him and laid her head upon his breast. "I had been thinking," he went on, "that the way our marriage is to be was the most beautiful way."

"It is the most beautiful," she murmured.

He slowly spoke out his thought as if she had not said this. "No folks to stare, no fuss, no jokes and ribbons and best bonnets, no public eye, nor talkin' of tongues when most yu' want to hear nothing and say nothing."

She answered by holding him closer.

"Just the Bishop of Wyoming to join us, and not even him after we're once joined. I did think that would be ahead of all ways to get married I have seen."

He paused again, and she made no rejoinder.

"But we have left out your mother."

She looked in his face with quick astonishment. It was as if his spirit had heard the cry of her spirit.

"That's nowhere near right," he said. "That is wrong."

"She could never have come here," said the girl.

"We should have gone there. I don't know how I can ask her to forgive me."

"But it was not you!" cried Molly.

"Yes. Because I did not object. I did not tell you we must go to her. I missed the point thinkin' so much about my own feelings. For yu' see—and I've never said this to yu' until now—your mother did hurt me. When you said you would have me after my years of waiting, and I wrote her that letter telling her all about myself, and how my fam'ly was not like yours, and—and—all the rest I told her, why yu' see it hurt me never to get a word back from her except just messages through you. For I had talked to her about my hopes and my failings. I had said more than ever I've even said to you. Because she was your mother. I wanted her to forgive me if she could, and feel that maybe I could take good care of yu', after all. For it was bad enough to have her daughter quit her home to teach school out hyeh on Bear Creek. Bad enough without havin' me to come along and make it worse. I have missed the point in thinkin' of my own feelings."

"But it's not your doing," repeated Molly.

Editor's Note—This two-part story will be concluded in next week's issue of the magazine.

With his deep delicacy he had put the whole matter as a hardship to her mother alone. He had saved her any pain of confession or denial. "Yes, it is my doing," he now said. "Shall we give it up?"

"Give what——?" She did not understand.

"Why, the order we've got it fixed in. Plans are—well, they're no more than plans. I hate the notion of changing, but I hate hurting your mother more. Or anyway, I *ought* to hate it more! So we can shift, if yu' say so. It's not too late."

"Shift?" she faltered.

"I mean, we can go to your home now. We can start by the stage to-night. Your mother can see us married. We can come back and finish in the mountains instead of beginning in them. It'll be just merely shifting, yu' see."

He could scarce bring himself to say this at all; yet he said it almost as if he were urging it. It implied a renunciation that he could hardly bear to think of. To put off his wedding day, the bliss upon whose threshold he stood after his three years' faithful battle for it, and that wedding journey he had arranged: for there were the mountains in sight, the woods and cañons where he had planned to go with her after the bishop had joined them; the solitudes where only the wild animals would be, besides themselves. His horses, his tent, his rifle, his rod, all were waiting ready in the town for their start to-morrow. He had provided many dainty things to make her comfortable. Well, he could wait a little more, having waited three years. It would not be what his heart most desired; there would be the "public eye and the talkin' of tongues," but he could wait. The hour would come when he could be alone with his bride at last. And so he spoke as if he urged it.

"Never!" she cried. "Never!"

She pushed it from her. She would not brook such sacrifice on his part. Were they not going to her mother in four weeks? If her family had warmly accepted him—but they had not; and in any case it had gone too far, it was too late. She told her lover that she would not hear him; that if he said any more she would gallop into town alone. And for his sake she would hide deep from him this loneliness of hers, and the hurt that he had given her in refusing to share with her his trouble with Trampas, when it could be no secret to others.

Accordingly, they descended the hill slowly together, lingering to spin out these last miles long. Many rides had taught their horses to go side by side, and so they went now; the girl sweet and thoughtful in her sedate gray habit, and the man in his leathern chaps and cartridge belt and flannel shirt, looking gravely into the distance with the level gaze of the frontier.

Having read his sweetheart's mind very plainly, the lover now broke his dearest custom. It was his code never to speak ill of any man to any woman. Men's quarrels were not for women's ears. In his scheme, good women were to know only a fragment of men's lives. He had lived many outlaw years, and his wide knowledge of evil made innocence doubly precious to him. But to-day he must depart from his code, having read her mind well. He would speak evil of one man to one woman, because his reticence had hurt her; and was she not far from her mother and very lonely, do what he could? She should know the story of the quarrel in language as light and casual as he could veil it with.

He made an oblique start. He did not say to her: "I'll tell you about this. You saw me get ready for Trampas because I have been ready for him any time these five years." He began far off from the point with that rooted caution of his—that caution which is shared by the primal savage and the perfected diplomat.

"There's cert'nly a right smart o' difference between men and women," he observed.

"You're quite sure?" she retorted.

"Ain't it fortunate?—that there's both, I mean."

"I don't know about fortunate. Machinery could probably do all the heavy work for us without your help."

"And who'd invent the machinery?"

She laughed. "We shouldn't need the huge, noisy things you do. Our world would be a gentle one."

"Oh, my gracious!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, my gracious! Get along, Monte. A gentle world all full of ladies!"

"Do you call men gentle?" inquired Molly.

"Now, it's a funny thing about that. Have yu' ever noticed a joke about fathers-in-law? There's just as many fathers-as mothers-in-law—but which side are your jokes?"

Molly was not vanquished.

"That's because men write the comic papers," said she.

"Hear that, Monte? The men write 'em. Well, if the ladies wrote a comic paper I expect that might be gentle."

She gave up this battle in mirth; and he resumed:

"But don't you really reckon it's uncommon to meet a father-in-law flouncin' around the house? As for gentle—once I had to sleep in a room next a ladies' temperance meetin'. Oh, Heavens! Well, I couldn't change my room, and the hotel man, he apologized to me next mawnin'. Said it didn't surprise him the husbands drank some."

Here the Virginian broke down over his own fantastic inventions and gave a joyous chuckle in company with his sweetheart. "Yes, there's a big heap o' difference between men and women," he said. "Take that fellow and myself, now."

"Trampas?" said Molly, quickly serious. She looked along the road ahead and discerned the figure of Trampas still visible on its way to town.

The Virginian did not wish her to be serious—more than could be helped. "Why, yes," he replied with a waving gesture at Trampas. "Take him and me. He don't think much o' me. How could he? And I expect he'll never. But yu' saw just now how it was between us. We were not a bit like a temperance meetin'."

She could not help laughing at the twist he gave to his voice. And she felt happiness warming her; for in the Virginian's tone about Trampas was something now that no longer excluded her. Thus he began his gradual recital, in a cadence always easy, and more and more musical with the native accent of the South. With the light turn he gave it, its pure ugliness melted into charm.

BEHIND THE GAYETY THE VIRGINIAN READ SOME OTHER PURPOSE

"No, he don't think anything of me. Once a man in the John Day Valley didn't think much, and by Cañada de Oro I met another. It will always be so here and there, but Trampas beats 'em all. For the others have always expressed themselves—got shut of their poor opinion in the open air.

"Yu' see, I had to explain myself to Trampas a right smart while ago, long before ever I laid my eyes on you. It was just nothing at all. A little matter of cyards in the days when I was apt to spend my money and my holidays pretty headlong. My gracious, what nonsensical times I have had! But I was apt to win at cyards, 'specially poker. And Trampas, he met me one night and I expect he must have thought I looked kind o' young. So he hated losin' his money to such a young lookin' man, and he took his way of sayin' as much. I had to explain myself to him plainly, so that he learned right away my age had got its growth.

"Well, I expect he hated that worse—having to receive my explanation with folks lookin' on at us publicly that-a-way, and him without further ideas occurrin' to him at the moment. That's what started his poor opinion of me—not havin' ideas at the moment. And so the boys resumed their cyards.

"I'd 'most forgot about it. But Trampas' mem'ry is one of his strong points. Next thing—oh, it's a good while later—he gets to losin' flesh because Judge Henry gave me charge of him and some other punchers taking cattle——"

"That's not next," interrupted the girl.

"Not? Why——"

"Don't you remember?" she said, timid yet eager. "Don't you?"

"Blamed if I do!"

"The first time we met?"

"Yes; my mem'ry keeps that—like I keep this." And he brought from his pocket her own handkerchief, the token he had picked up at a river's brink when he had carried her from an overturned stage.

"We did not exactly meet, then!" she said. "It was at that dance. I hadn't seen you yet; but Trampas was saying something horrid about me, and you said—you said: 'Rise on your legs, you polecat, and tell them you're a liar.' When I heard that I think—I think it finished me!" And crimson suffused Molly's countenance.

"I'd forgot," the Virginian murmured. Then sharply, "How did you hear that?"

"Mrs. Taylor——"

"Oh! Well, a man would never have told a woman that."

Molly laughed triumphantly. "Then who told Mrs. Taylor?"

Being caught, he grinned at her. "I reckon husbands are a special kind of man," was all that he found to say. "Well, since you do know about that, it was the next move in the game. Trampas thought I had no call to stop him sayin' what he pleased about a woman who was nothing to me—then. But all women ought to be something to a man. So I had to give Trampas another explanation in the presence of folks lookin' on, and it was just like the cyards. No ideas occurred to him again. And down goes his opinion of me some more!

"Well, I have not been able to raise it. There has been this and that and the other—yu' know most of the later doings yourself, and to-day is the first time I've happened to see the man since the doings last autumn. Yu' seem to know about them, too. He knows I can't prove he was with that gang of horse thieves. And I can't prove he killed poor Shorty. But he knows I missed him awful close, and spoiled his thieving for a while. So d'yu' wonder he don't think much of me? But if I had lived to be twenty-nine years old like I am, and with all my chances made no enemy, I'd feel myself a failure."

His story was finished. He had made her his confidant in matters he had never spoken of before, and she was happy to be thus much nearer to him. It diminished a certain fear that was mingled with her love of him.

During the next several miles he was silent, and his silence was enough for her. Vermont sank away from her thoughts, and Wyoming held less of loneliness. They descended altogether into the map which had stretched below them, so that it was a map no longer, but earth with growing things, and prairie-dogs sitting upon it, and now and then a bird flying over it. And after a while she said to him, "What are you thinking about?"

"I have been doing sums. Figured in hours it sounds right short. Figured in minutes it boils up into quite a mess. Twenty by sixty is twelve hundred. Put that into seconds, and yu' get seventy-two thousand. Seventy-two thousand seconds yet before we get married."

"Seconds! To think of its having come to seconds!"

"I am thinkin' about it. I'm chopping sixty of 'em off every minute."

With such chopping time wears away. More miles of the road lay behind them, and in the virgin wilderness the scars of new-scraped water ditches began to appear, and the first wire fences. Next, they were passing cabins and occasional fields, the outposts of habitation. The free road became wholly imprisoned, running between unbroken stretches of barbed wire. Far off to the eastward a flowing column of dust marked the approaching stage, bringing the bishop probably, for whose visit here they had timed their wedding. The day still brimmed with heat and sunshine; but the great daily shadow was beginning to move from the feet of the Bowleg Mountains outward toward the town. Presently they began to meet citizens. Some of these knew them and nodded, while some did not and stared. Turning a corner into the town's chief street, where stood the hotel, the bank, the drug store, the general store and the seven saloons, they were hailed heartily. Here were three friends, Honey Wiggin, Scipio Le Moyne and Lin McLean, all desirous of drinking the Virginian's health, if his lady—would she mind? The three stood grinning with their hats off; but behind the gayety the Virginian read some other purpose.

"We'll all be very good," said Honey Wiggin.

"Pretty good," said Lin.

"Good," said Scipio.

"Which is the honest man?" inquired Molly smilingly.

"Not one!" said the Virginian. "My old friends scare me when I think of their ways."

"It's bein' engaged scares yu'," retorted Mr. McLean. "Marriage restores your courage, I find."

"Well, I'll trust all of you," said Molly. "He's going to take me to the hotel, and then you can drink his health as much as you please."

With a smile to them she turned to proceed, and he let his horse move with hers; but he looked at his friends. Then Scipio's bleached blue eyes narrowed to a slit, and he said what they had all come out on the street to say:

"Don't change your clothes."

"Oh!" protested Molly, "isn't he rather dusty and countrified?"

But the Virginian had taken Scipio's meaning. *Don't change your clothes.* Innocent Molly appreciated these words no more than the average reader who reads a masterpiece, complacently unaware that its style differs from that of the morning paper. Such was Scipio's intention, wishing to spare her from alarm.

So at the hotel she let her lover go with a kiss and without a thought of Trampas. She in her room unlocked the possessions which were there waiting for her, and changed her dress.

Wedding garments and other civilized apparel proper for a genuine frontiersman when he comes to town were also in the hotel ready for the Virginian to wear. It is only the somewhat green and unseasoned cowpuncher who struts before the public in spurs and deadly weapons. For many a year the Virginian had put away these childish things. He made a sober toilet for the streets. Nothing but his face and bearing remained out of the common when he was in a town. But Scipio had told him not to change his clothes. Therefore he went out with his pistol at his hip. Soon he had joined his three friends.

"I'm obliged to yu'," he said. "He passed me this mawnin'."

"We don't know his intentions," observed Wiggin.

"Except that he's hangin' around," said McLean.

"And filtin' up," added Scipio. "Which reminds me."

They strolled into the saloon of a friend, where unfortunately sat some foolish people. But one cannot always tell at sight how much of a fool a man is.

It was a temperate health-drinking that they made. "Here's how," they muttered softly to the Virginian; and "How," he returned softly, looking away from them. But they had a brief meeting of eyes, standing and lounging near each other, shyly, and Scipio shook hands with the bridegroom. "Some day," he stated, tapping himself; for in his vagrant heart he began to envy the man who could bring himself to marry. He nodded again, repeating, "Here's how."

They stood at the bar, full of sentiment, empty of words, with memory and affection busy in their hearts. All of them had seen rough days together, and they felt guilty with emotion.

"It's hot weather," said Wiggin.

"Hotter on Box Elder," said McLean. "My kid has started teething."

Words ran dry again. They shifted their positions, looked into their glasses, read the labels on the bottles. They dropped a word now and then to the proprietor about his trade, and his ornaments.

"Good head," commented McLean.

"Big old ram," assented the proprietor. "Shot him myself on Gray Bull last fall."

"Sheep was thick in the Tetons last fall," said the Virginian.

On the bar stood a machine into which the idle customer might drop his nickel. The coin then bounced among an arrangement of pegs, descending at length into one or another of various holes. You might win as much as ten times your stake, but this was not the most usual result; and with nickels the three friends and the bridegroom now mildly sported, buying them with silver when their store ran out.

"Was it sheep you went after in the Tetons?" inquired the proprietor, knowing it was horse thieves.

"Yes," said the Virginian. "I'll have ten more nickels."

"Did you get all the sheep you wanted?" the proprietor continued.

"Poor luck," said the Virginian.

"Think there's a friend of yours in town this afternoon," said the proprietor.

"Did he mention he was my friend?"

The proprietor laughed.

Honey Wiggin now made the bridegroom a straight offer. "We'll take this thing off your hands," said he.

"Any or all of us," said Lin.

But Scipio held his peace. His loyalty went every inch as far as theirs, but his understanding of his friend went deeper. "Don't change your clothes" was the first and the last help he would be likely to give in this matter. The rest must be as such matters must always be, between man and man. To the other two friends, however, this seemed a very special case, falling outside established precedent. Therefore they ventured offers of interference.

"A man don't get married every day," apologized McLean. "We'll just run him out of town for yu'."

"Save you the trouble," urged Wiggin. "Say the word."

The proprietor now added his voice. "It'll sober him up to spend his night out in the brush. He'll quit his talk."

But the Virginian did not say the word or any word. He stood playing with the nickels.

"Think of her," muttered McLean.

"Who else would I be thinking of?" returned the Southerner. His face had become very sombre. "She has been raised so different!" he murmured. He pondered a little, while the others waited, solicitous.

A new idea came to the proprietor. "I am acting mayor of this town," said he. "I'll put him in the calaboose and keep him till you get married and away."

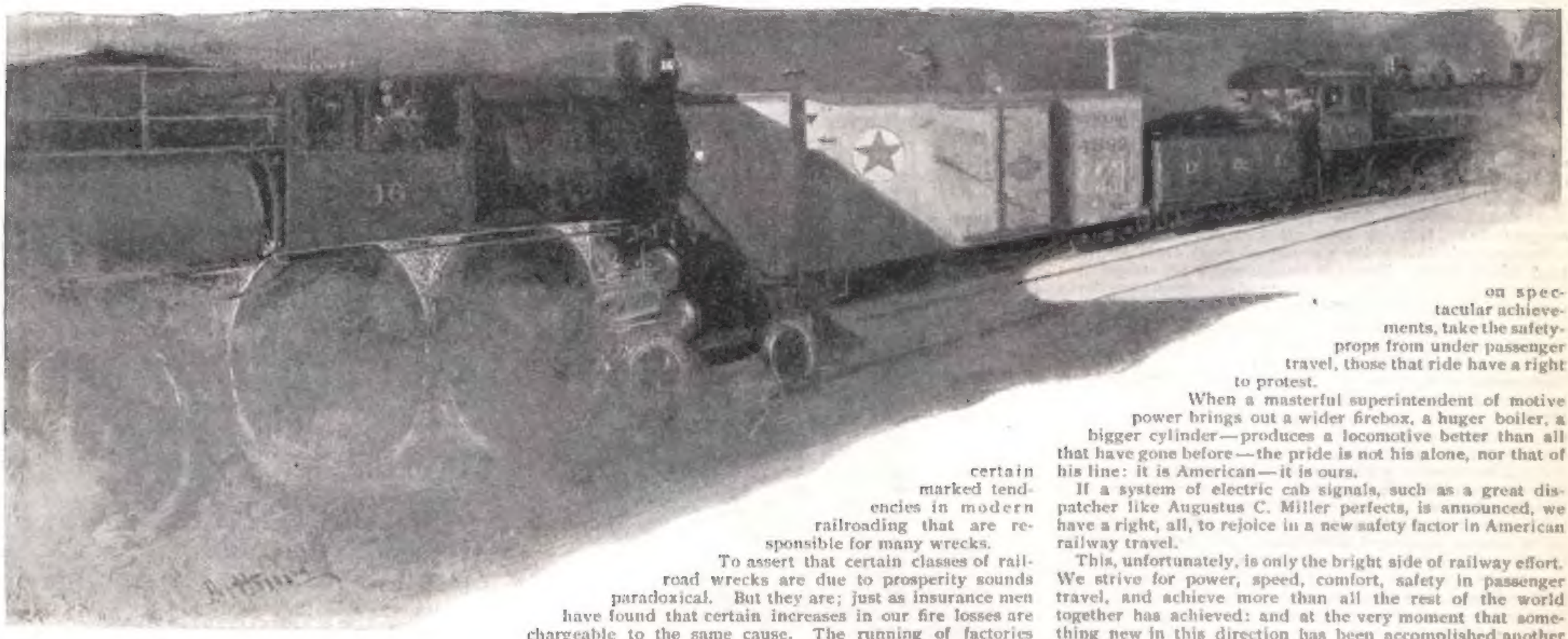
"Say the word," repeated Honey Wiggin.

Scipio's eye met the proprietor's and he shook his head about a quarter of an inch. The proprietor shook his head

(Continued on Page 15)

# Why We Have Railroad Wrecks

## By FRANK H. SPEARMAN



PUBLIC attention of late has been centred on a succession of great monetary moves in the railroad world. They are always in one direction: that of merger; the buying up of railroad systems, and the financing of new deals on a scale that is breath-taking.

MR. F. H. SPEARMAN

The arguments for such enterprise are always the same: the lessening of certain evils of competition and the economies to be effected in the consolidation of managements.

Oddly enough, while this has been going on public attention has been unpleasantly aroused by a succession of railroad wrecks, and newspaper editors have risen almost in a body to ask why they occur and whether their horrors cannot be averted.

On this question discussion has taken many forms and has filled many columns. Railroad men and laymen have contributed to the debate; presidents and passengers; the man with a theory and the man with a grievance. Yet no word has been said on certain marked tendencies in modern railroading that are responsible for many wrecks.

To assert that certain classes of railroad wrecks are due to prosperity sounds paradoxical. But they are; just as insurance men have found that certain increases in our fire losses are chargeable to the same cause. The running of factories overtime; the pressure to turn out goods, involving neglect of usual precautions, hits the underwriters. Railroads in every quarter of the United States are running overtime; sometimes, in consequence, their passengers are hit. Trainmen are now adjusting themselves continually to the handling of bigger engines and heavier freight trains, and not without frequent disaster. There is a third unnoticed cause.

In the wake of every new financing of railway systems comes a stress on the overworked railroad manager not only to maintain but forever to increase his freight earnings; not merely to keep abreast of his high record but always to surpass it. Never has this stress been so fierce as it is to-day. Here the strenuous principle clutches like an air-brake. All that American brains can suggest, all that American ingenuity can devise, is concentrated on this single problem, because on greatly increased capitalization — on fabulous prices paid for the controlling, at times, of the traffic of half a continent — a stream of earnings must be sent constantly into the vaults of two or three of the great banking houses of New York City.

Business men have no quarrel with this demand for money and more money so long as it is confined by the limits of sound policy. But business men — the public — have to ride on passenger trains, and their wives and children ride on passenger trains; and if railroad owners, to pay dividends on spectacular achievements, take the safety-props from under passenger travel, those that ride have a right to protest.

When a masterful superintendent of motive power brings out a wider firebox, a huger boiler, a bigger cylinder — produces a locomotive better than all that have gone before — the pride is not his alone, nor that of his line: it is American — it is ours.

If a system of electric cab signals, such as a great dispatcher like Augustus C. Miller perfects, is announced, we have a right, all, to rejoice in a new safety factor in American railway travel.

This, unfortunately, is only the bright side of railway effort. We strive for power, speed, comfort, safety in passenger travel, and achieve more than all the rest of the world together has achieved: and at the very moment that something new in this direction has been accomplished another force is at work to undo the toiled-for results — this force may be termed the hunger for dividends. There is a harsher word for it — greed — but mild words are terrible enough when they stand for the unspeakable horror of railroad wrecks. To keep dividends up to ever-increasing requirements, freight traffic to-day on high-class railroads is handled in such a way as constantly to endanger and frequently to sacrifice the lives of passengers; and when flesh and blood are thrown into the dividend pot the economics of management are getting altogether too strenuous.

This is the truth lying behind many late railroad wrecks: that, under the new conditions of traffic railroading, freight crews are worked to death and railroad owners have grown tonnage crazy. When you step into a sleeping-car your dangers are not very much in the train that speeds you on your journey. The wheels under you, the rails that bear the wheels, all the complicated mechanism that contributes to your comfort and speed, are to-day, on good lines, practically flawless. The danger is outside your train and your track: it is in the train ahead of you or behind you or steaming beside you on the passing track. Every division that your flyer covers so swiftly is alive with freight trains that must keep out of your way: if they fail it means a wreck, and the wreck of a passenger train means mutilation, conflagration, horror, death.

Consider for a moment what the men in the modern freight crews have to do. The new engines mean big and bigger trains. If one engine isn't enough, a freight train is double-headed—and the chance of a smash-up practically doubled. The tonnage must be maintained in any event, and the load is increased until the freight engines of to-day pull as high as sixty to sixty-five cars.

Can you imagine what it means to handle such a train? To watch the flagging, watch the lights, watch the orders, watch the switches, watch the draw-heads, watch the call for brakes when the air fails, watch the engine stagger up hill, slip or fall back with such a load—and always and forever to watch your watch?

Take a train of even half that size, multiply the number of cars by thirty-four feet, add the spaces between, add your engine, and see how far you are from a long quarter of a mile of tonnage, never-ending hustle and ceaseless anxiety. The physical and mental strain on the train crew and the engine crew of a tonnage freight train—if by this description I may exclude the fast freights, which are comparatively an easy job—is nothing less than the soldier's strain on the firing line. But the time limit on the firing line is daylight: night brings at least some rest. The time limit on the endurance of a freight crew it would be difficult to state.

How many hours of this sort of exhausting physical labor and wearing mental strain can men stand and be depended upon to control entirely their mental faculties?

Something will depend on conditions. Has proper rest been had previously? Is it day-time or night-time? Is winter cold or summer heat to be endured? Is it storm or fair weather these men have to work in? All leaders of men, from Ignatius de Loyola to Napoleon, in perfecting their plans have studied the limits of human strength and endurance. To the soldier in his regular duties, as to the Jesuit, a certain portion of sleep in the twenty-four hours has been assigned as a necessity. Have any of our Napoleons of railroad traffic inquired into the number of freight hours a freight crew can safely work? Sounds absurd, doesn't it? Yet the freight conductor and the freight engineer and their helpers, who stand in our time and place for all and more than the private soldier ever stood for, are worked with a sneer at human endurance and a laugh at human life; they are worked solely with reference to tonnage and dividends.

If you want to know something about grief in railroad life get into a railroad yard and listen to the tales of hardship of the freight crews. Experienced trainmen will tell you that, taking into account the character of their duties, men on a freight train should never be worked over ten hours without rest. If the conditions are bad—storm, unusual heat or cold, a failing engine—railroad trouble of any sort—ten hours is a long time to be on tension.

But there are freight crews to-day on these tonnage trains that are being worked at a stretch twelve, fourteen, fifteen, eighteen, twenty hours—I dare not say how much more. I am told of twenty-two hours, twenty-four hours! The least of such excesses is bad enough; the worst, unbelievable.

Now these exhausted men are running trains on schedules. The schedules are varied by orders; the orders are superseded continually during the run by new orders, and on these overworked men, on their foresight, their memory, on the extraordinary wit required safely to handle their charges, depends in large measure the security of passengers and passenger trains. Is it any wonder that wrecks occur?

Prosperity is taxing the capacity of every American railroad to its limit. Tonnage requirements are taxing the motive power to its limit, and dividend requirements, in too many instances, are taxing flesh and blood, from superintendents to switchmen, beyond their limit. One of the results is an increased class of railroad wrecks; those, for instance, in which an unwieldy freight section crashes into another, or an unmanageable train fouls the line on a flyer—or through the mental lapse of some sleep-crazy trainman two trains on a single-track road meet head on. Maybe a switch is forgotten; an order disregarded; "close" work attempted; in all of these smash-ups the human element figures, and dependence on the mind of a man, or the minds of men, no ingenuity can ever eliminate from train running: exhaustion must be reckoned with.

The facts in any railroad wreck are hard to get. The policy is always to conceal such facts. I do not quarrel with the effort, but certainly the real facts in many recent smash-ups would throw interesting light on the question that has lately agitated newspaper readers—can railroad wrecks be averted? On one of the well-known systems a succession of fatalities within the past year must be attributed solely to the effort to make trainmen handle impossible loads. On another line, I learned the other day of a strike so small that it never got into the papers; but so righteous that word of it shall have place here. The crew of a freight train, utterly exhausted by overwork and unable to obtain relief, struck—this one crew all by itself—and left their train stalled where the revolt took place. It is the only railroad strike on record concerning the merits of which there can be no dispute.

To analyze the details of many wrecks is here impossible, but one that occurred recently on a strictly first-class system is so singular in its origin and bears so directly on the points under discussion that it may be detailed. In equipment the line has no superior in the world. When a railroad is poor we expect deficiencies; when it is rich beyond dream, in earnings and in owners, we have a right to look for the best in the handling of traffic.

One winter night of late the crews of a tonnage freight train toiling with many delays, eastbound, received an order to get out of the way of a passenger train behind them. To obey, they opened the switch of a cut-over or cross-over track—a short piece of track connecting the two main-line eastbound and westbound tracks—and backed in on the westbound track, which at that hour was free from traffic. Under that order they were to wait for the passenger train to pass, pull back across the cut-over, and continue their journey.

But a new order came—made necessary by the approach of a second passenger train running east behind the first. This order directed the freight train, instead of resuming the eastbound track, to run, let us say, ten miles east on the westbound track. So far this is all clear enough sailing.

Unfortunately, the freight conductor, expecting to use the cut-over switch in front of his engine again immediately, had left it open. The second order changed that plan; the freight was now to pull straight ahead east on the westbound track. The go-ahead was given and the conductor ran back to change his lights from red to green. That also was necessary—there are rarely less than several equally important things for a trainman to think of. The freight engineer opened his throttle, the big train moved slowly ahead gathering momentum with every revolution of the heavy drivers, when, just as everything was "rolling" well, the engine truck slewed—it had taken the open switch that crossed to the eastbound track. The engineer knew it was wrong—knew his danger—applied the air, shut off—did all that lay in human power to check his heavy train: it was impossible. In spite of every desperate effort the cab could exert the load behind was impelling the engine along the short cut-over to the eastbound track. Just as the nose of his engine pushed into the forbidden track—fouled it, railroad men say—and he knew that he stood in a cyclone's path, he asked his fireman anxiously for Number Sixteen, the flyer due from behind on that track. Before the man could reply the flyer itself answered.

Out of the Western night—splitting it like a rocket aflame—came the headlight of Number Sixteen. Can you imagine the feelings of those two engineers at that moment—the freight engineer struggling like a drowning man, watching his reversed drivers churn the sanded track in an impotent effort to push his long train back into the clear?

The engineer of the flyer was handling one of a type of the finest engines ever devised by man—an enormous, tail-truck passenger machine—embodying the mind, the craft, the life achievement of a great master of motive power; a splendid, powerful, well-thought-out, well-wrought-out locomotive, capable of snatching a string of sleepers into speed like a whirlwind and keeping them at seventy miles an hour across an entire division. The engineer was running—as the passenger engineer always must—at the limit, tearing along at a rate infernal, when death, sudden as thought, loomed into his headlight—the engines met.

In the passenger train were a baggage car, a coach, a chair car and two sleepers. The crash broke the pipes in one sleeper and the passengers awoke in clouds of scalding steam. The second sleeper, wrenched loose, slewed across the track so that one end of it was thrown against the freight engine. One of the engine's big cylinders, the head blown out or torn out, sent straight into this sleeper a stream of boiling water and steam released at a pressure of two hundred pounds to the square inch: in this the waking passengers suffocated.

This wreck, then, was due directly to the freight conductor's forgetting to close the cut-over switch after his orders had been changed and before he hastened back to change his lights. This man, it is said, had been railroading eighteen years. If so, for eighteen years he had been remembering. When he forgot that morning, that winter morning about five o'clock, he and his crews had been on the road between twelve and fourteen hours, and, handling a heavy train, the thermometer hugging zero, had got in that time only half-way to the end of their run.

But to this wreck there is another feature. The cut-over switch that caused the trouble was without a light. Had this switch been properly lighted the wreck, in all human probability, would not have occurred.

In this case the safety of a train-load of passengers was left to the mind of one man and no other safeguard afforded, for, incredible as it may seem, the light had been removed from that cut-over switch to save the cost of its maintenance—flatly, the cost of the oil.

The arguments that justify the removal of lights from trailing switches are familiar, but these do not justify the policy that leaves without a light a cross-over switch between two main-line tracks. On the night in question this trailing switch on the westbound track became a pointing switch used by an eastbound train and did its deadly work. It might be urged that the switch was used that way probably not once in a year: but what would you say to this if you had been jammed fast in that sleeper, shredding in a jet of live steam? Your answer would be that if the switch wasn't used that way but once in a hundred years you wanted a light put there every night for a century.

Is this what we go against when we step into an electric-lighted, mahogany-paneled, heavily-carpeted and plush-upholstered sleeping car, and surrender transportation and berth fare for a night's lodging and a night's ride—no switch-lights on the cut-overs? Is this what department-store railroading is to mean—that economy of operation demands frugality like this? If earnings must be maintained, would it not be preferable to dispense with some of the finery and buy more oil?

# The Sorrows of a Humorous Lecturer—By Charles Battell Loomis

V WAISTCOAT
AND GRAY
STRIPED TROUSERS

II

EVENING dress has come to be the badge of the lecturer. There are some who stick out for frock coats but they are growing fewer in number each year, and the man who should attempt to give a reading in a sack coat would be thought wanting in courtesy to his audience.

Twice it has befallen me that I have forgotten my dress-suit. Once it was my trousers alone that I left out, and on that occasion I donned the wide expanse of spotless shirt, the spike-tail coat, the V waistcoat, and a pair of gray-striped trousers—an unusual combination, it will be admitted. I appeared before a modish audience, and I could see by the glances that were cast at me that this new departure was not understood of them, so I took an early opportunity to put into the mouth of one of my characters the statement that he once went to a swell function and forgot until too late that he had neglected to add his dress trousers to his apparel. The well-bred shout that went up assured me that my hearers realized what had happened and knew that I was not trying to force a new style upon them.

The other time that I was left in the lurch it was clearly my own fault and not my absent-mindedness. I neglected to check my suit-case through to the town at which I was to appear and it was rainy-day clothes or nothing. This time I was traveling with a concert company and the tenor very kindly offered to make my apology to the audience. He went out and in a minute the audience became hilarious and I knew that he had said something happy. What that something was I was soon told. He had said:

"Mr. Blank is not strikingly handsome even when he is dressed in evening clothes. To-night he has been so unfortunate as to leave his suit in New York and will appear in his every-day garments, so you can imagine how he will look."

And then I had to walk out before that audience, but as soon as they saw my face and realized how true had been the words of my kind friend they burst into applause and laughter, the ice was broken, and my pathway was so much the easier. But if I remember rightly, I got square with the tenor.

Some one once asked me if audiences were not all alike. "They laugh at the same places, don't they?" No, they are not alike and they do not laugh at the same places. Some of them, in fact, do not laugh at any places. And so long as we are on this matter of audiences let me tell you a secret. If you are a lecturer or reader and you want to obtain the best results, make the janitor turn the gas up high, induce the ladies to take off their gloves, get the men who are standing in the rear to come as near the front as possible, and if you're in a church adjourn to a secular hall. The best intentioned audience in the world will not feel as hilarious in a dimly lighted place as it will under brilliant lights, and the ladies will be able to make more noise bare-handed, while their brothers and husbands will naturally be more demonstrative anyway, and so ought to come under the influence of the speaker. Your blood doesn't thrill at a murder on the stage if you are a "standee" at two hundred yards' distance, but if you're seven rows from the front and the murderer knows his business you will get quite a curdle. So of the laugh provoker. The nearer the people the louder the laughs. As for adjourning to a hall, do so by all means, because there is always more or less restraint in a church, and there are some who cannot forget that on Sundays they are wont to see a serious man in your place, and it makes them uncomfortable to see you excitin' of their risibles in the same spot.

You may think it is a pose when I tell you that I am very apt to be extremely nervous before facing an audience, and this in spite of fifteen years' experience, but if you will ask

Editor's Note—This is the second and concluding paper by Mr. Loomis on this subject. The first paper appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of April 12.

any man who has moved an audience to either laughter or tears he will tell you it is no pose but a most uncomfortable visitation that sometimes affects the appetite and gives you a gone feeling.

But it has one good effect. It makes a man do his best; nerves him up to the scratch; and if the audience is responsive the nervousness passes off in a few minutes and then he is in for a good time. For myself, I generally pick out those persons who seem to be most amused and read or talk to them, but it does not always follow that the man who laughs hardest is the one who is most amused. I remember once noticing two men in the audience; one laughed and laughed and laughed and he warmed the cockles of my heart. The other sat like a sphinx and I wished he had not come to a place that was so distasteful to him.

After the lecture the hard laugher went out into the cold world with never a thought of me, but the sphinx came up to me and said he wished to tell me how much he had enjoyed the entertainment.

Some audiences are much quicker than others to see the points in a reading, and the dull audience may be in Boston and it may be out in the country or else in proud New York. On Monday I read before the good but dull people of West Odunxia, and they do not seem to know what I am driving at, but look at me with almost human eyes in an appealing way that softens me even while it hardens me. On Tuesday I give the same reading to the people of Lower Odunxia, not ten miles distant, and they are delighted and enthusiastic. On Wednesday a Ladies' Club in New York City hears me with apathy. Thursday I appear before a band of Hebrew children at an East Side settlement and they do not miss a point. Friday I appear before another club of women and they are as responsive as I could desire, and Saturday I appear at a "smoker" and my heart's cockles are kept at boiling point from start to finish.

### *Chickens that Came Home to Roost*

I once appeared in the afternoon before an Alumni Association of women and they gave me kid-gloved approval and said very pleasant things to me after the reading was over. I had not failed; I had mildly amused them, but there was nothing in the reception to stir my blood. That evening I appeared at a famous club in New York, a club numbering singers, musicians, artists and actors among its members. It was at a dinner, and when I had finished I was compelled to go on again and again. I felt as if wine instead of blood was flowing through my veins—but it wasn't. I lived a year in a minute. I drank in their applause as if it had been nectar, and when I sat down impulsive hands shot across the table to shake mine, and I felt that it was good to have lived thus far in life. With every wish to do well on both occasions I did far better in the evening than in the afternoon, so much of encouragement is there in the enthusiastic artist nature.

I went out of that club-house feeling that I was the hero in a delightful comedy by some romantic dramatist, and I met a man who used to know me when I peddled eggs up in New England. "Hello, Blank," said he; "what you doing in New York? How's the chicken business?"

And I sold my hens *years* ago!

I never could have made that sordid fellow understand in what clouds of glory I had been trailing. If I had told him where I had been and what I had just been doing he would have said: "Well, the egg business was respectable, but it must be a kind of a come down to go around making an exhibition of yourself at dinners." For my friend is frank, and besides, he always takes the wrong view of a thing. So we talked about the weather.

But that experience at the club and others like it go far toward making life happy, and I wish that the world in general could appreciate how much a man likes encouragement.

This may not be the place to say it, but I want to say right now that if you admire a story-teller's art or an illustrator's work just sit down and tell him so in a letter. While we're about it, won't you please listen to the parable of the timid writer? You see, I do this thing without the undue use of capitals or any other paraphernalia.

Once there was a timid and self-distrustful fellow who wrote a story which was accepted by a magazine and it made a quiet hit. Nine out of ten of those who read it were warmed by it. And at least fifty persons thought of writing to him, but each one said to himself: "He is overwhelmed with letters. I won't bore him with mine."

Well, the young writer kind of hoped that some one would tell him whether his story was good or bad, for he wasn't at all sure himself. A single letter would have cheered him to the point of going on with his work. But he did not receive one letter and not a soul told him what a capital story he had written, and he became discouraged and went into business (for which he was totally unfitted) and his life is a failure.

Any flattery is far too much flattery, but sincere and discriminating praise is what makes the wheels go 'round. Don't withhold it.

I sometimes think that the professional reader is not unlike a country doctor. He has his bag in which he places the various medicaments he will be likely to need on his visits or trip. Then he goes to where his patients are assembled, waiting to be cured of their blues—or perhaps relieved of their blues would be the better phrase.

Something that would do excellently well to chase away hypochondria in New York will not do up in Vermont or out in Minnesota where jokes on Manhattan rapid transit lack savor. The lecturer puts his eye to the peep hole in the curtain and sizes the audience up—makes his diagnosis as it were. If it is a federation of women's clubs that satire on "Men" or the one on "The Folly of Housecleaning" will appeal to them; if it is a federation of working girls' clubs the skit on cash girls is likely to be the proper dose; and in any event and in any locality, New York, Omparia or London, that panacea, the impersonation of the forgetful schoolgirl, will be found efficacious.

SOME OF THEM, IN FACT, DO NOT LAUGH AT ANY PLACES

Sometimes it happens that the diagnosis is a wrong one and then the reading becomes medicine indeed to both audience and reader. There is nothing that so takes the heart out of a reader as the knowledge that his selection is unsuited to the audience. He struggles on and on, seeing in the faces of those before him a lack of interest. He cannot stop and say: "I guess I won't read this any more." That might raise a laugh, but then the man who hands over the mysterious white envelope might say: "You clipped your readings and so I am going to shave this check." No, once begun he must continue to the bitter end.

### *Shipwrecked Ten Stanzas from Land*

I do not always rely on the book but have committed many of my readings to memory. But memory is a cat and treachery is one of her attributes. I have had lines that I have been in the habit of reciting for years and years go utterly from me when I was embarked on a sea of declaiming and land was ten stanzas distant. To fly the flag of distress at such a time is impolitic. There is nothing to do but face it out; invent business; gag the part and float along, and perhaps memory will relent and throw you a line by which you can reach shore.

It is better not to admit to any one that you went to pieces, but if you do you will find that the audience thought that the seeming shipwreck was part of the evening's fun. But the next time you come to the place where you went overboard you will need to keep a tight hold on the life line or you'll get thrown again, and may find yourself hopelessly off the track and lost in a sea from which there is no avenue of escape—which is as happy a mixture of metaphors as my typewriter ever achieved.

You will never know how kindly people are the world over until you travel. You who live in a flat and do not know your neighbor on the floor beneath nor yet on the floor above, you who go to and from your office at the rush hours night and morning, and barring an evening at the theatre or a ceremonious call on a friend do not live at all, whose knowledge of the world is derived from headlines and to whom New York is the be-all and end-all of existence, you should travel if you would know what a big nation of kindly people the Americans are. And as for that (whisper) it is not the Americans alone who are kindly. I have actually experienced the same kindness in Holland and in England and in France, and something tells me that if I were to explore Italy and go down into Spain I should yet find kindliness. Of course the reason is that I like kindliness, and whatsoever ye

seek that shall ye find. I dare say that malice and all uncharitableness are to be found in all the countries mentioned, but it would not pay a man to go hunting for them.

But this kindness is sure to be shown to a lecturer, and one of the pleasantest things about a lecture trip is the chance it gives a man to get delightful glimpses of home life in various parts of the country. When the hotel is so bad that the public-spirited man says: "We will entertain Mr. Blank so that he may not take away an unpleasant impression of our town," then are your lines laid in pleasant places. He will come to meet you at the station with his sleigh and give you a ride before supper, and no matter what part of the country it may be his wife will be almost sure to be a woman of cultivation and his children worth cultivating. And he will make you feel at home although you are three thousand miles away from your own fireside.

Speaking of kindliness reminds me of an experience that I had not long since. I was to read before a pampered audience and was to receive therefor a very substantial sum of money. I arrived at the town and by one of the vicissitudes of travel I had just about enough to pay my hotel bill but not enough to get a berth in the sleeper running to New York if by an unheard of chance the manager of the course neglected to pay me. After a good supper at the hotel I telephoned to the railroad station which was at the next town for a berth on the Midnight Flyer, and soon after the chairman of the entertainment committee came in person to conduct me to the hall. He was urbanity itself and I knew that I would receive an envelope, if not just before, then just after my program was finished. Of course wild horses would not have induced me to hint that I would like to see my gold before delivering the goods (to borrow a term from the marts of commerce), although a strict reading of the contract would have justified me in so doing.

He wanted me to stay after the lecture and join the society in a supper to be followed by dancing, but I told him that it was necessary for me to get away from Z—— on the Midnight Flyer as I must be in New York next day. He told me of a way of getting to Z—— by trolley that would save me a quarter of an hour and then he left me to look after the caterers.

It was a great audience. I had not said ten words before I felt that we were friends. Everything went, and as I was going, too, on the midnight train I thought of my fee ever and anon. But the thought did not worry me.

The program finished, my friend came around to felicitate me. "He has it with him. I shall soon be beyond the fear of penury," thought I.

But if he had it he made no sign. Instead he said: "You have a few minutes yet and I want you to meet my wife and some of the other ladies."

I inclined my head to express my delight and opened my lips to hint at the merry roll of bills, but the energetic little

—THEY . . . . LOOK AT ME WITH ALMOST HUMAN EYES

man was pattering away like the White Rabbit to get his wife. I put on my overcoat and packed my hand-grip and nervously waited for his reappearance. The program had run a little slower than usual and I had not much leeway to pay my bill at the hotel and catch a trolley to Z——, surely no time for small talk.

Back pattered the little man, having in tow three or four charming ladies. The smell of delicious coffee was wafted to my nostrils and the orchestra began to discourse gay music. And I must away. I tried to catch his eye, but he was busy presenting me to the fascinating four. Could I break in on him and say: "Beg yer pardon, boss, but if you haven't a check handy could yer please lend a feller a couple of dollars to get him a night's lodging on a sleeper?" Of course not. I could simply simper and say that I was delighted to meet Mrs. W. and Miss X. and Mrs. Y. and Miss Z., and wonder when he was going to pay me.

As for him, he suddenly looked at his watch and said: "Sorry to hurry you, but if you really must catch that train you'll have to be going. Wish you might stay to supper, but of course I know how busy you are."

Here was where I should have said, "Pay me that thou owest," but at this juncture another member of the entertainment committee hurried up and called my friend away, and with a wave of his hand he disappeared and left me a penniless wanderer to murmur soft nothings to the delectable quartette and wonder whether it would be proper for me to brace them for a dollar apiece "until better times."

No, this also was out of the question, so I bade them all good-by, hastened to the hotel, paid my bill and found myself on my way to Z—— by trolley with mileage to New York and twenty-five cents in change.

—AND I MET A MAN WHO USED TO KNOW ME WHEN I PEDDLED EGGS UP IN NEW ENGLAND

Of course I had no doubt of getting my money eventually, but I really needed it that night unless I was willing to ride on the trucks of the express, for as luck would have it there were no day coaches in its make-up; nothing but sleepers. Oh, that I too were a sleeper on that train!

Arrived at Z—— with a half-hour to spare I paced up and down in front of the ticket seller's window for fifteen minutes trying to brace up sufficiently to ask him for a ticket on tick. And at last I blurted out my troubles to him and looked to see him shake his head and say: "No, that gag is too thin."

But he did nothing of the kind. He took my card and shoved out a sleeping-car ticket. "Perhaps you know me as a writer," said I, thinking it was my fame that had influenced him, but he was perfectly candid with me; he had never heard of me before. I took his name and entered it on the tablets of my memory as that of a white man, and assured him that next day I would forward the amount.

A few minutes later my train rolled in and I rolled out and prepared for a softer bed than I had anticipated. I had two dimes and a nickel in my pocket when I undressed. In the morning I gave a dime to the porter with the air of one who presents a library to a city, and he received it with the air of one who has been pensioned for life (I will say that for him). Then I went out into the street and was about to hail a car when I discovered that the nickel and the other dime were gone. I had dropped them in the berth, no doubt! I was forced to walk a mile with a heavy suit-case to the house of a friend of whom I could borrow money.

Later in the day I went to my manager to tell him of the queer conduct of Mr. W.

"Queer nothing. Your money's been here waiting for you for three days. Mr. W. always pays in advance."

# Queer Things at Crownings

## By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

A ROYAL coronation is an event of such solemn importance, at least to the participants in it, and the preparations for it are made so long in advance, that one would think it impossible for anything about it to be allowed to go amiss. But there has seldom been a coronation which has not been disturbed by some incident, either tragic or ludicrous, not down on the program.

William the Conqueror was invested on Christmas Day, 1066, with a brand new crown richly decorated with gems. The Saxon and Norman nobles were gathered in Westminster Abbey, and the spectators of each nation were called upon in their own language to say whether they accepted William as King. The Saxons, anxious to prove how thoroughly they were reconstructed, shouted, "Yea, yea, King William!" so loudly that the Norman guards outside thought, or pretended to think, that they were raising a riot, or perhaps murdering the King. Instead of going to the rescue, it seemed more appropriate and agreeable to them to set fire to the neighboring buildings and loot the property of the English. The glare of the flames lighted up the Abbey, and panic broke out inside. The spectators poured out, the Norman and Saxon nobles preparing for battle, and the King and clergy were left to finish the ceremony alone. The prelates were trembling, and it is intimated that William himself, for the first and last time in his life, may have shivered a little, too. Nevertheless, the coronation went on, to the accompaniment of the flames and uproar without, and all the ancient ceremonies were performed. Unfortunately there were no red extras to take advantage of this incomparable sensation.

### *Trying to Outwit the Archbishop*

When Henry I married his second wife, Adelicia or Adeliza of Louvain, he had a second double coronation, and on this occasion the performance was well worth the price of admission. There are different versions of the actual happenings, but one of the stories is this.

Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, claimed the right to perform the marriage ceremony because Windsor was in his diocese. Ralph of Escures, Archbishop of Canterbury, vehemently denied this pretension, and an ecclesiastical council decided that the King and Queen were parishioners of the Archbishop in whatever part of England they might be. So Ralph, tottering with age and palsy, tied the knot. But Henry tried to give Bishop Roger a consolation prize in the shape of the management of the coronation ceremonies the next day. Accordingly he secretly arranged for an unusually early coronation, and Roger rattled the ceremonies along with such celerity that when the paralytic Archbishop arrived the crown was already on the King's head. The King wilted like a whipped schoolboy before Ralph's indignant questionings, and when he apologetically said that if the ceremony had not been properly performed it could be done again, the Archbishop, according to some accounts, knocked the crown from the royal head with his crozier. At any rate, he got it off in some fashion and then put it on again himself.

Queen Elizabeth had some trouble in being properly crowned for lack of prelates to perform the ceremony. Of all the bishops of her realm only one would consent to take part in the coronation, although most of them were present as spectators. The Queen was duly anointed, but she remarked afterward to her maids that the oil was "grease and smelt ill."

Charles I wore white velvet at his coronation instead of purple or crimson. This was attributed by some to the advice of Archbishop Laud, who had a notion that white as the emblem of innocence would be an appropriate thing to wear, and by others to the fact that it was found at the last moment that the merchants of London were all out of velvet of the royal color. At any rate, the innovation shocked and alarmed the superstitious, and after the execution of Charles it was recalled that white was the color set apart for a victim. It was noted as ominous at the time of the coronation that when the King was presented to the people by the Archbishop, and they were called upon to testify their consent to his crowning by their acclamations, there was not a sound in response until the Earl Marshal told the spectators that they ought to shout, "God save King Charles."

James II spared no expense or trouble in his coronation. He had a feast of 1445 dishes, a gorgeous procession and superb trappings. Nevertheless, he could not prevent a series of mishaps that took on a deadly significance when he was chased from his throne three years later. The crown was shaky on his head, and somebody had to stand by him all the time to keep it from falling off. That service was performed by Henry Sidney, brother of Algernon Sidney, who had been beheaded two years before. "This is not the first time, your Majesty," he observed, "that my family have supported the crown." When the signal was given that James was crowned the flag on the Tower was torn by the wind. The canopy of cloth of gold which was held over the King's head was rent on the way home from the Abbey. On the same day the royal arms in stained glass fell from a church window, and when the champion, after challenging all comers to dispute the right of James to the throne, dismounted to kiss the King's hand, he fell full length, upon which the Queen remarked: "See you, love, what a weak champion you have."

When William and Mary were crowned somebody stole the King's purse, and when it became his duty to put a contribution in the offertory he had to borrow the money from Lord Danby. The champion's glove was said to have been stolen on the same occasion.

### *Queen Anne and the Souvenir Fiends*

Queen Anne was not able to stand alone to be crowned. She was the only English sovereign that ever had to be held up by others on such an occasion. Her excessive weight was too much for her gouty feet. On this occasion thieves, as they were rudely called at that time—probably they would be called souvenir fiends now—cleaned off all the plate, pewter and linen used at the banquet.

We begin to feel in a modern atmosphere when we note that the coronation of George III was delayed by a strike of workmen. The men employed at Westminster Hall had counted on tips from visitors, which the authorities were not disposed to allow. The trouble was settled by an increase in wages.

The Earl Marshal forgot the sword of state, the royal banquet chairs and the canopy. The Lord Mayor of London lent his sword and a jury canopy was rigged. But the hitches and delays provoked the King to remonstrance. The Deputy Earl Marshal tactfully replied: "It is true, Sire, that there has been some delay, but I have taken care that the next coronation shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible." The King accepted the excuse with good humor, but took his revenge by living for sixty years longer, by which time the revised arrangements for the next coronation were out of date. After the crown had been put on George's head the largest diamond fell to the ground. Later the poets found in this an omen of the loss of the American colonies—the brightest jewel in the crown. It was said that the young Pretender, Charles Edward, was present on this occasion out of curiosity, and that later he or one of his adherents threw a glove from a gallery of Westminster Hall in answer to the challenge of the champion.

To George IV, "the First Gentleman of Europe," who once achieved the feat of inventing a shoebuckle, a coronation would obviously be just the sort of thing to call out the full powers of his mind. His coronation was the most expensive in English history. It cost nearly $1,200,000—to be exact, £238,238. The nation generally thought George dear at the price, and his successor, William IV, cut down his own coronation bill to £50,000.

### *The Girlish Kindness of Victoria*

At the coronation of Victoria, the Queen attracted general admiration, but hardly anybody else missed a chance to blunder. Greville, in his Memoirs, remarks:

"The different actors in the ceremonial were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them. Lord John Thynne, who officiated for the Dean of Westminster, told me that nobody knew what was to be done except the Archbishop and himself (who had rehearsed), Lord Willoughby (who is experienced in these matters), and the Duke of Wellington, and consequently there was a continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the Queen never knew what she was to do next. They made her leave her chair and enter St. Edward's Chapel before the prayer was concluded, much to the discomfiture of the Archbishop. She said to John Thynne, 'Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know,' and at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him:

"'What am I to do with it?'

"'Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand.'

"'Am I?' she said: 'it is very heavy.'"

The ruby coronation ring, according to the rubric, should go on the fourth finger. In this case the ring had been made for the little finger, which the Queen accordingly held out when the proper time came. The Archbishop refused to put it on that finger and said it must go on the fourth. The Queen remonstrated, declaring that she could not get it on, but the Archbishop insisted that it had to go. Accordingly the other rings were taken off and the new one was forced on with such pain that as soon as the ceremony was over the Queen had to bathe her finger in ice water to get it off. When the coronation medals were thrown about, dignity was forgotten, and the whole crowd, including the maids of honor, scrambled to get them.

The venerable Lord Rolle fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne, and when afterward he started to mount again to do homage, the Queen said: "May I not get up and meet him?" Rising from the throne, she went down one or two of the steps to prevent him from coming up, an act of kindness which, "made a great sensation."

As that was the third coronation within seventeen years the actors really ought to have known their parts. There will be more excuse for mishaps this time, for no participant in the proceedings ever saw such a ceremony before. A gap of sixty-four years is long enough to make a little rustiness pardonable. But the experience of their predecessors ought to be a warning to the performers on the present occasion to rehearse their lines in private until they can go through them in public without a hitch.

# MEN & MEASURES—By Charles Emory Smith

HON. CHARLES EMORY SMITH

WHILE Chinese exclusion has agitated the Capitol Chinese inclusion has been the triumph of the State Department. Our legislation has aimed to keep the Chinese out of the bounds of the United States, and our diplomacy has aimed to keep China within the domain of American influence, trade and enterprise. We have exceeded all other nations in legislative proscription, and we have led all other nations in diplomatic freedom. We have presented the closed door to the Chinese and we have insisted on the open door in China.

Notwithstanding the clever and ingenious pleas of Minister Wu Ting-fang, there is no incongruity between these two positions. Congress and the State Department are not working at cross purposes or on contradictory policies. We have exceeded all other nations in proscription of the Chinese because no other nation has been threatened with an inundation of Chinese labor, and no other has been obliged to erect the same bulwarks for self-protection.

There is no difference among Americans on the policy of excluding Chinese cheap labor and warding off a Mongolian swarm. The long and able discussion in the Senate turned not on any disagreement over the main proposition of perpetuating the existing prohibition, but on varying views as to the degree of stringency in the safeguards, as to the exclusion of classes other than laborers now exempted, and as to the reconcilement of the provisions of the act with treaty obligations. Senators Platt, Hoar, Cullom, Foraker, Gallinger, Dillingham and others who led the fight against the rigorous Committee bill concur in the necessity of protective measures against a Mongolian incursion with Senators Lodge, Penrose, Mitchell, Teller, Perkins and those who supported the bill. The issue was on the effect of the proposed terms, not merely in repelling laborers but in ruling out merchants, students, teachers and travelers, and in crippling commerce.

### *The Senate Debate on the Chinese*

The debate on this subject was thoroughly worthy of the Senate. Not involving a partisan issue it presented no temptation to descend from the level of candid and searching discussion to undertake partisan capital. There was little inducement even for any special pandering to the organized sentiment against cheap labor, inasmuch as all sides agreed on the main principle of protecting and upholding the American standard.

A question of this character often develops a new figure. The discussion on the Oleomargarine bill which just preceded brought Senator Bailey, of Texas, to the front. That unctuous subject afforded ample play for the wits of the Senate. Mr. Dolliver, who has a droll fancy and a caustic tongue, glorified the American cow and exalted the horn of the American farmer. Mr. Quarles, who, though a new Senator, has already achieved a distinct position, contributed to the gayety of the debate. Mr. Depew, always exuberant but never more so than in this heyday of his renewed youth, bounded into the arena like another Lochinvar with a gallant, unconventional and epicene defense of the American girl from the unchivalrous reflections of an oleaginous comparison.

But the notable speech of the oleomargarine debate was that of Mr. Bailey. It was not humorous, but serious and weighty. He was not an unknown and untried speaker. He had made a reputation in the House as a ready and forceful debater, but somehow was so out of joint with his surroundings that he had lost the leadership of the minority. His position in the Senate was to be determined, and he did much to determine it in his incisive and vigorous arraignment of the Oleomargarine bill and in his running debate. He was on the unpopular side of the question, but he maintained it with an ability and cogency which commanded general admiration. The duel between him and Senator Spooner was deeply interesting, and not uneven, with a good deal of fine sparring and keen thrust and strong blow on the part of both gladiators. The speech of Senator Bailey did much to advance him well on toward the leadership of the Democratic side, so far as debate is concerned. Mr. Gorman may be the manager, but Mr. Bailey will contest with one or two others the honors of oratorical primacy.

So the Chinese Exclusion question brought forward quite prominently Mr. Dillingham, the new Senator from Vermont. He was the one new figure of the discussion. His recognition came not so much from his speech, though that was clear, direct and effective, as from the evidence of his careful and minute study of the subject which was demonstrated in his searching and comprehensive amendments to the bill. Mr. Dillingham is a clear-headed and clean-cut Yankee, with the hard sense of the Green Mountains and the Puritan conviction of right. He will be a useful legislator. It is an interesting fact that his immediate predecessor, Senator Ross, who was only an *ad interim* appointee, made the first complete exposition of the plenary power of Congress over the new acquisitions of territory. He came into the Senate fresh from the bench, and with his judicial learning he massed the precedents and the decisions in a complete and masterly argument that served as the arsenal from which subsequent expounders largely drew their weapons.

The contest on the Exclusion bill was not without its humorous side. The appearance of Senator Quay as the champion of Christianity and of the unobstructed admission of all Christianized Chinese was quite as surprising as some of his Napoleonic political coups, and spread a broad smile over the skeptical and quizzical faces of the Senate. It suggested a fulfillment of the acute question of Artemus Ward: "Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise up to the emergency, and cave in the emergency's head?"

Senator Quay is not a little misunderstood. Though his political genius and methods are widely comprehended, and divide the opinions of friend and foe, the intellectual and literary side of his personality is not generally known. He is an omnivorous reader and an extraordinary collector of books. His range of knowledge is wide and his information is accurate. He has a terse and vivid style, and those who know his ability as a writer have often regretted that he has allowed his all-mastering politics to push aside and altogether extinguish for public uses the talent he possesses for exposition and discussion.

He has little power as a speaker. His voice is thin, and he lacks the physical qualities and the ready and instant command to impress himself on an assemblage. He seldom attempts extemporaneous utterance, and then only for brief statements. But he has rare gifts in composition, and it is a wonder that the leader who has such absolute power over his followers and who has such fine mastery and such severe taste in written language will tolerate the crude and slovenly declarations of party policy which are so often put forth directly under his own eye in his servile conventions at Harrisburg. Reference is now made to the manner, and not to the matter. In matter Senator Quay is himself occasionally wayward, and for a keen and shrewd party leader he has sometimes propounded curiously eccentric propositions. But he knows how to write and knows what good writing is, and it is the more surprising that he allows his Lilliputians to make such grotesque displays.

President Roosevelt was rather astonished and quite delighted when it developed one day through a casual allusion that Senator Quay was fully acquainted with the Icelandic epic, and that the political ogre was familiar with the most recondite lore of the schools. The young and ardent scholar in politics and the veteran politician who is the *bête noire* of all the scholars immediately found an unexpected and common tie. There are probably not half a dozen men in the Senate that equal Senator Quay in knowledge of the history and philosophy of China. The story of the ancient empire appealed to his imagination, and then his academic revulsion from a proscriptive policy took a whimsical turn.

### *Our Position in Regard to the Orient*

When he surprised the Senate with his amendment that the rule of exclusion should not apply to Christianized Chinese no wonder a ripple of amused and incredulous inquiry swept over the body at the sudden apparition of the greatest missionary propaganda ever instituted, and at the most unexpected and paradoxical source from which it sprang. Here was a new revelation quite different from Bret Harte's early portraiture of the Heathen Chinee, and the natural suggestion that came to every mind found voice in the question, How large a proportion of the 400,000,000 Chinese would, with the prospect of entering the United States, become Christians "just likee Senator Quay"?

The action on this subject, as well as the debate, reflects credit on the Senate. It was considerate, rational and statesmanlike. It might easily have been extreme, impulsive and somewhat demagogical. With the general sense of the necessity of adequate safeguards against a deluge of cheap labor, it would not have seemed difficult to lead Congress into a harsh measure of exclusion with the barriers against all classes. The bill that passed the House, and the Senate Committee bill, were rather of this character. But the Senate adopted the more moderate Platt amendment which simply continues the existing provisions of law until the expiration of the Chinese treaty in 1904 and until a new treaty shall be concluded. This is reasonable and just. It respects treaty obligations, and does not ruthlessly trample on the sentiment of a nation with which on every account it is expedient to cultivate friendly relations.

The future of China and of its bearing on the industrial development of the world is a question of the profoundest interest. There can be no doubt of the wisdom of the policy of excluding unlimited Chinese labor from our industrial occupations. Our first duty is to defend and protect our own. Nor can there be any doubt of the policy of developing the civilization of China and of opening up the requirements and the resources which will follow the breaking of the old shackles. We need and want that great, new market. But if the exploitation of Chinese labor is to be kept at home, and if China is to be developed, what are the possibilities of her own achievements in the future competition of the world? Will she some day stand forth in some fields as a rival of the Western Powers? She has resources of the richest and amplest character. She holds half the iron and coal of the world. Will she sometime outstrip the younger but more advanced and exhausted nations as the source of industrial power?

Whatever answer may be suggested, but one practical course is now open before us. We must protect our own industrial upbuilding, and we must seek the broadest markets. While Congress has been legislating for the continued exclusion of Chinese labor, Secretary Hay has been steadily, patiently, persistently working to secure equal American right and opportunity of trade and enterprise throughout China. The open door in China is distinctively and preëminently the American policy. This is not a boastful assertion with which we simply tickle our pride and national self-consciousness. It is the historic truth.

Undoubtedly the traditions and tendencies of England committed her to the policy of equal commercial opportunity in which, through her commercial ascendency, she might be supposed to have the advantage. But she had an alternative, and she was not resolute and insistent. Some five years ago the British Chancellor of the Exchequer said that England wanted the open door in China, but that if it were not conceded she would enforce her special sphere of influence. Possibly she felt that, if she could practically appropriate the rich Yang-tse Valley, she could afford to be indifferent to other parts of the Chinese Empire. At all events, such a suggestion of an alternative and her known readiness to look in that direction largely neutralized her call for the open door, and this policy was thus a matter of academic discussion rather than of actual realization.

### *The United States as a Factor in the East*

The acquisition of the Philippines made the United States a distinct and positive factor in the East. It gave her a recognized voice and for the first time she took a seat at the council-table of the nations where the affairs of the Orient were considered and determined. Just at the same time came the turning point in her own industrial development where her productive capacity so far exceeded her consuming capacity that she required other markets. The need, the field and the power all came concurrently. The need was to find a market for our surplus; the field was the Orient, and particularly China; the power was the attainment of our new position in the East as the means of securing the open door.

Accordingly, our Government demanded the open door, and the demand was met very differently from that of Great Britain. We had no alternative proposition. We had no special sphere of influence. We wanted no dismemberment of China. Our policy was the integrity of the Empire and equal access for all; our position was isolated, independent and commanding, with no entangling alliances, with no aggrandizing scheme, with no selfish and exclusive purpose, with a superb strategical position in the Philippines, and a moral power which no nation could disregard. That policy and that position have exercised a powerful influence. The first responses of the nations to our program of the open door were friendly, but a little reluctant and quite general.

The progress of events has steadily confirmed the American policy, and brought a gradually increasing and complete acceptance. The Boxer outbreak and the joint action of the allied Powers gave the United States a clearer opportunity of enforcing her view, which she pressed with such unvarying persistence that it practically brought all parties to concurrence. The developments since the settlement of the Powers with China have strengthened the American position. The Anglo-Japanese alliance adopts our policy as its controlling principle, and the Russo-French announcement which followed equally recognized and emphasized it. Still more striking, the agreement for the evacuation of Manchuria puts the capstone on its acceptance. Though Russia retains control of the Siberian railroad, as was to be expected, she agrees to turn over others, and she gives up the exclusive industrial, mining and banking privileges for which she originally planned. Even Manchuria yields to the open door, and the American policy, which has been so skillfully and constantly urged by Secretary Hay, goes forward to new triumphs.

The recent reports of Philippine outrages and cruelties will serve to intensify the contest over the Philippine question which had already been marked out as the most distinct party issue available. A number of these reports from diverse sources happened to come together. Their multiplication created an unpleasant impression. The action of the President in directing a rigid investigation and in ordering that the accused officers be court-martialed indicated that he was aroused and determined to go to the bottom of the matter. How far investigation will verify the reports, and, even if it should, how far the cases should affect judgment on the broader phases of policy, will be subjects of contention.

All this will add fresh zest and vehemence to the new Philippine debate which is to come on in the Senate, and which is quite likely to be the most prolonged and the most impassioned of the session. Since the Democrats have decided to make the government and disposition of the Philippines their chief issue, they will naturally seek to play up the question in the strongest fashion. The Republicans will be compelled to meet them. There is just enough in the nagging stories and in the restiveness which they create to require attention. They cannot be left to fall to pieces of themselves. The friends of the Administration will find it necessary to meet the allegations and to show that they neither stand for the general conduct of the army nor affect the large question of maintaining American sovereignty. With this contest looming up, and with the other important questions which will consume time, the prospect of an early adjournment is fading away. It looks now as though the flags over the two ends of the Capitol would be flying well into the summer solstice.

# CONJUROR'S HOUSE—A Romance of the Free Forest—By Stewart Edward White

Author of The Westerners, The Blazed Trail, Etc.

—THE QUICK CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH OF THE SNOWSHOES

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS—At one of the lonely Posts of the Hudson's Bay Company lives Virginia Albret, with her father, stern Galen Albret, who is the Factor in command of the Post. Out of the wilderness come a party of trappers, bringing with them a young man, Ned Trent, a Free Trader, who has been hunting in the territory of the Company. He expects as a punishment to be sent forth into the wilderness, unarmed, to starve to death. He has deeply impressed the heart of Virginia, and has begged her to meet him.

*CHAPTER VI*

NED TRENT stood holding the door open, his head to one side, until the echo of the girl's footsteps had died on the stairs. Then he turned to the older man, a new and triumphant light in his eyes.

He was given no opportunity for further speech, however, for at the sound of the closing door Galen Albret's passivity had fallen from him. He sprang to his feet. The whole aspect of the man suddenly became electrical, terrible. His eyes blazed; his heavy brows worked spasmodically toward one another; his jaws ground together, twisting his beard into strange contortions; his massive frame straightened formidably; and his voice rumbled from the arch of his deep chest in a torrent of passionate sound.

"Young man!" he cried, "you go too far! Take heed! I will not stand this! Do not presume to make love to my daughter before my eyes!"

And Ned Trent, standing just within the dusky circle of lamplight where the bold, sneering lines of his face stood out in relief against the twilight of the room, threw back his head and laughed. It was a clear laugh, but low, and in it triumphed the very devil of insolent power. Where the studied insult of words had failed this single cachinnation succeeded. The Trader saw his opponent's eyes narrow. For a moment he thought the Factor was about to spring on him.

Then with an effort that blackened his face with blood, Galen Albret controlled himself, and fell to striking the call-bell violently and repeatedly with the palm of his hand. After a moment Matthews, the English servant, came running in. To him the Factor was at first physically unable to utter a syllable. Finally he managed to ejaculate the name of his bowsman, and that with such violence of gesture that the frightened servant comprehended by sheer force of terror, and ran out again in search of Me-en-gan.

This supreme effort seemed to clear the way for speech. Galen Albret began to address his opponent hoarsely in quick, disjointed sentences, a gasp for breath between each.

"You called to mind an old legend—*La Longue Traverse*—a myth. It shall be real—to you—I will make it so—you shall not defy me——"

Ned Trent smiled. "You do not deceive me," he rejoined.

"Silence!" cried the Factor—"Silence!—You shall speak no more!—You have said enough——"

Me-en-gan glided into the room. Galen Albret at once addressed him in the Ojibway language, gaining control of himself as he went on.

"Listen to me well," he commanded. "You shall make a count of all rifles in this place—at once. Let no one furnish this man with food or arms. You know the story of *La Longue Traverse*. This man shall take it. So inform my people. I, the Factor, decree it so. Prepare all things at once—understand, *at once!*"

Ned Trent waited to hear no more, but sauntered from the room whistling a boatsman's song. His point was gained.

Outside, the long Northern twilight with its beautiful shadows of crimson was descending from the upper regions of the East. A light wind breathed up-river from the bay.

"Just the same, I think she will come," he said to himself. "*La Longue Traverse*, even at once, is an almost hopeless chance. But this second string to my bow is better. I believe I'll escape yet—if she comes!"

*CHAPTER VII*

VIRGINIA ran quickly up the narrow stairs to her own room where she threw herself on the bed and buried her face in the pillow.

As she had said, she was very much shaken. And, too, she was afraid.

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of April 19.

VIRGINIA . . . THREW HERSELF ON THE BED

She could not understand. Always she had moved among the men around her, pure, lofty, serene. Now at one blow all this crumbled. The stranger had outraged all her finer feelings. He had insulted her father in her very presence—for this she was angry. He had insulted her own person—for this she was afraid. He had demanded that she must meet him again; but this—at least in the manner he had suggested—should not happen. And yet she confessed to herself a vague delicious wonder as to what he would do next, and then recognized with terror that already her heart—or her imagination—drew her to another experience of his magnetic personality. That she could not successfully control this feeling made her angry at herself. And so in this mingled fear, pride, anger and longing she remained until Wishkobun, the Indian woman, glided in to dress her for the dinner whose formality she and her father consistently maintained. Then she fell to talking the soft Ojibway dialect, and in the conversation forgot some of her emotion and regained some of her calm.

Her surface thoughts, at least, occupied themselves with other things. The Indian woman had to tell her of the silver fox brought in by Mu-hi-kan, an Indian of her own tribe; of the retort Achille Picard had made when MacLane had taunted him; of the forest fire that had declared itself to the east, and of the theories that accounted for it where no campers had been. Yet underneath the inconsequential chatter Virginia was conscious of something new in her consciousness, something delicious but as yet vague. In the gayest moment of her half-jesting, half-affectionate intercourse with the Indian woman she felt its uplift catching her from beneath, so that for the tiniest instant she would pause as though in readiness for some message which nevertheless delayed. A fresh delight in the present moment held her, a fresh anticipation of the immediate future, though both delight and anticipation were based on something without her knowledge. That would come later.

The sound of rapid footsteps echoed across the lower hall, a whistle ran into an air, sung gayly with spirit.

*"J'ai perdu ma maitresse*
*Sans l'avoir merité,*
*Pour un bouquet de roses*
*Que je lui refusai.*
*Li ya longtemps que je t'aime*
*Jamais je ne t'oublierai!"*

All at once the delight, the anticipation, came very near, almost near enough to be recognized. She fell abruptly silent, and spoke no more until she descended to the council-room where the table was now spread for dinner.

Two silver candlesticks lit the place. The men were waiting for her when she entered, and at once took their seats in the worn rude chairs. White linen and glittering silver adorned the service. Galen Albret occupied one end, Virginia the other. On either side were Doctor and Mrs. Cockburn, McDonald, the chief trader, Richardson, the clerk, and Crane, the missionary of the Church of England. Matthews served with rigid precision in the order of importance—first the Factor, then Virginia, then the Doctor, his wife, McDonald, the clerk, and Crane in due order. On entering a room the same precedence would have held good. Thus these people, six hundred miles as the crow flies from the nearest settlement, maintained their shadowy hold on civilization.

The glass was fine, the silver beautiful, the linen dainty. Matthews waited faultlessly; but overhead hung the rough timbers of the wilderness Post, across the river dimly could be heard the howling of wolves, the fare was rice, curry, salt beef, salt pork, potatoes and beans. For at this season the game was poor, and the fish hardly yet running with regularity.

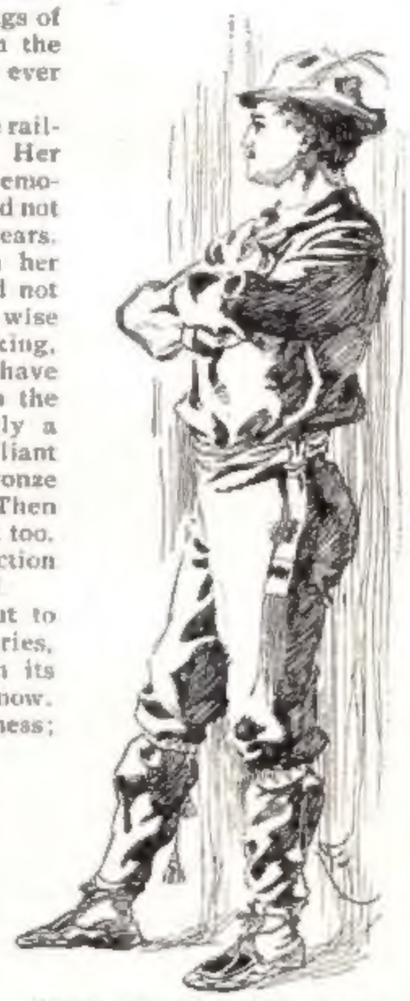
Throughout the meal Virginia sat in a singular abstraction. No conscious thoughts took shape in her mind, but nevertheless she seemed to herself to be occupied in considering weighty matters. When directly addressed she answered sweetly. Much of the time she studied absently her father's face. She found it old. Those lines were already evident which bring a stab of surprised pain to the breast of a child when first he notices them—the droop of the mouth, the wrinkling of the temples, the patient weariness of the eyes. Virginia's own eyes filled with tears. The subjective, passive state into which a newly-born but yet unrecognized love had cast her inclined her to gentleness. She accepted facts as they came to her. For the moment she experienced no anger, no sorrow, no fear. Her active emotions in abeyance, she floated dreamily on the clouds of a new estate.

This very aloofness of spirit disinclined her for the company of the others after the meal was finished. The Factor closeted himself with Richardson. The Doctor, lighting a cheroot, took his way across to his infirmary. McDonald, Crane and Mrs. Cockburn entered the drawing-room and seated themselves at the piano for their customary half hour of music. Virginia hesitated, then threw a shawl over her head and stepped out on the broad veranda.

At once the vast, splendid beauty of the Northern night broke over her soul. Straight before her gleamed and flashed and eddied and palpitated the aurora. One moment its long arms shot beyond the zenith; the next it had broken and rippled back like a brook of light to its arch over the Great Bear. Never for an instant was it still. Its restlessness stole away the quiet of the evening, but left it magnificent.

In comparison with this coruscating dome of the infinite the earth had shrunk to a narrow black band of velvet on which was nothing distinguishable until suddenly the skyline broke in calm silhouettes of spruce and firs. And always the mighty River of the Moose, gleaming, jeweled, barbaric in its reflections, slipped by to the sea.

So rapid and bewildering was the motion of these two great powers—the river and the sky—that the imagination could not believe in silence. It was as though the earth were full of shoutings and of tumults. And yet in reality the night was as still as a tropical summer. The wolves and the sledge dogs answered each other undisturbed; the beautiful songs of the white throats stole from the forest as divinely instinct as ever with the spirit of peace.



"YOU DO NOT DECEIVE ME"

Virginia leaned against the railing and looked upon it all. Her heart was big with many emotions, some of which she could not name; her eyes were full of tears. Something had changed in her since yesterday, but she did not know what it was. The faint wise stars, the pale moon just sinking, the gentle south breeze could have told her, for they are old in the world's affairs. Occasionally a flash more than ordinarily brilliant would glint one of the bronze guns beneath the flagstaff. Then Virginia's heart would glint too. She imagined the reflection startled her. Poor Virginia!

She stretched her arms out to the night, embracing its glories, sighing in sympathy with its meaning, which she did not know. She felt the desire of restlessness; yet she could not bear to go. But no thought of the stranger touched her, for you see as yet she did not understand.

Then, quite naturally, she heard his voice there in the darkness close to her knee. It seemed inevitable that he should be there; part of the restless, glorious night, part of her mood. She gave no start of surprise, but half closed her eyes and leaned her fair head against a pillar of the veranda. He sang in a sweet undertone an old *chanson* of voyage.

"Par derrièr' chez mon père,
*Vole, mon cœur, vole!*
Par derrièr' chez mon père
Li-ya-t-un pommier doux."

"Ah, lady, lady mine," broke in the voice softly. "The night, too, is sweet, soft as thine eyes. Will you not greet me?"

The girl made no sign. After a moment the song went on:

"Trois filles d'un prince,
*Vole, mon cœur, vole!*
Trois filles d'un prince
Sont endormies dessous."

"Will not the princess leave her sisters of dreams?" whispered the voice fantastically. "Will she not come?"

Virginia shivered, and half-opened her eyes, but did not stir. It seemed that the darkness sighed, then became musical again.

"La plus jeun' se réveille,
*Vole, mon cœur, vole!*
La plus jeun' se réveille
—— Ma soeur, voilà le jour!"

The song broke this time without a word of pleading. The girl opened her eyes and stared breathlessly straight before her at the singer.

"—— Non, ce n'est qu'une étoile,
*Vole, mon cœur, vole!*
Non, ce n'est qu'une étoile
Qu'éclaire nos amours!"

The last word rolled out through its passionate throat tones and died into silence.

"Come!" repeated the man again, this time almost in the accents of command.

She turned slowly and went to him, her eyes childlike and frightened, her lips wide, her face pale. When she stood face to face with him she swayed and almost fell

"What do you want with me?" she faltered with a little sob

The man looked at her rapidly but closely, laughed, and exclaimed in an every-day, matter-of-fact voice

Why, I really believe my song frightened you It is only a boating song Come, let us go and sit on the gun-carriages and talk

"Oh," she gasped, a trifle hysterically, 'don't do that again! Please don't! I do not understand it' You must not' '

He laughed again, but with a note of tenderness in his voice, and took her hand to lead her away, humming in an undertone the last couplet of his song

Non, ce n'est qu'une étoile
Qu'éclaire nos amours."

*CHAPTER VIII*

VIRGINIA went with this man passively—to an appointment which, but an hour ago, she had promised herself she would not keep. Her inmost soul was stirred, just as before. Then it had been a few words, now it was a little common song. But the strange power of the man held her close, so she realized that, for the moment at least, she would do as he desired. In the amazement and consternation of this thought she found time to offer up a little prayer "Dear God, make him kind to me

They leaned against the old bronze guns, facing the river. He pulled her shawl about her, masterfully yet with gentleness, and then, as though it was the most natural thing in the world, he drew her to him until she rested against his shoulder. And she remained there, trembling, in suspense, looking up into his face timidly as though pleading with him to be kind

But he took no notice after that, so that the act seemed less like a caress than a matter of course He began to talk, half humorously, and little by little as he went on she forgot her fears, even her feeling of strangeness, and fell completely under the spell of his power

"My name is Ned Trent," he told her, "and I am from Quebec. I am a woods runner, for I have journeyed far. The uttermost ends of the North have known the trail of my moccasin, even up beyond the Hills of Silence."

And then, in his gay, half-mocking, yet musical voice he touched lightly on vast and distant things. He talked of the great Saskatchewan, of Peace River, and the delta of the Mackenzie, of the winter journeys beyond Great Bear Lake into the Land of the Little Sticks, and the half mythical Lake of Yamba Tooh. He spoke of life with the Dog Ribs and Yellow Knives, where the snow falls in midsummer. Before her eyes slowly spread like a panorama the whole extent of the great North, with its fierce, hardy men, its dreadful journeys by canoe and sledge, its frozen barrens, its mighty forests, its solemn charm. All at once this Post of Moose, a month in the wilderness as it was, seemed very small and tame and civilized for the simple reason that Death did not always compass it about

"It was very cold then," said Ned Trent, "and very hard. The severe cold of winter had come. At night we had no other shelter than our blankets, and we could not keep a fire because the spruce burned too fast and threw too many coals. For a long time we shivered, curled up on our snowshoes; then fell heavily asleep, so that even the dogs fighting over us did not awaken us. Two or three times in the night we boiled tea. We had to thaw our moccasins each morning by thrusting them inside our shirts. Even the Indians were shivering and saying, 'Ed-sa, yazzi ed-sa'—'It is cold, very cold.' And when we came to Fort Rae it was not much better. A roaring fire of huge logs in the fireplace could not prevent the ink from freezing on the pen. This went on for five months."

Thus he spoke as one who says common things. He said little of himself, but as he went on, in short, curt sentences the picture grew more distinct, and to Virginia the man became more and more prominent in it. She saw the dying and exhausted dogs, the frost-rimed, weary men; she heard the quick *crunch, crunch, crunch* of the snowshoes hurrying ahead to break the trail; she felt the cruel torture of the *mal de raquette*, the shriveling bite of the frost, the pain of snow blindness, the hunger that yet could not stomach the frozen fish nor the hairy black caribou meat

One thing she could not conceive—the indomitable spirit of the men. She glanced timidly up at her companion's face

'The Company is a cruel master," she sighed at last, standing upright, then leaning against the carriage of the gun. He let her go without protest, almost without thought, it seemed

"But not mine" said he

She exclaimed in astonishment 'Are you not of the Company?"

"I am no man's man but my own,' he answered proudly

"Then why do you stay in this dreadful North?" she asked

"Because I love it. It is my life. I want to go where no man has set foot before me; I want to stand alone under the sky; I want to show myself that nothing is too big for me—no difficulty, no hardship—nothing!'

"Why did you come here, then? Here at least are forests so that you can keep warm. This is not so dreadful as the Coppermine and the country of the Yellow Knives. Did you come here to try *La Longue Traverse* of which you spoke to-day?"

He fell suddenly sombre, biting in reflection at his lip

'No—yes—why not?" he said at length

'I know you will come out of it safely," said she. "You are brave and used to travel. Won't you tell me about it?"

He did not reply. After a moment she looked up in surprise. His brows were knit in reflection. He turned to her again, his eyes glowing into hers. Once more the fascination of the man grew big, overwhelmed her. She felt her breast flutter, her consciousness swim, her old terror return

"HOW DARE YOU!" SHE CRIED IN INFINITE ASTONISHMENT

Listen," said he "I may come to you one day and ask you to choose between your divine pity and what you might think to be your duty. Then I will tell you all there is to know of *La Longue Traverse*. Now it is a secret of the Factor. You are a Factor's daughter; you know what that means." He dropped his head. "Ah, I am tired, tired with it all!" he cried in a voice strangely unhappy. "But yesterday I played the game with all my old spirit; to-day the zest is gone! I no longer care." He felt the pressure of her hand. "Are you just a little sorry for me?" he asked, sorry for a weakness you do not understand? You must think me a fool."

I know you are unhappy," replied Virginia gently; "I am truly sorry for that."

"Are you? Are you, indeed?" he cried. "Unhappiness is worth such pity as yours." He brooded for a moment, then threw his hands out with what might have been a gesture of desperate indifference. Suddenly his mood changed in the whimsical, bewildering fashion of the man. "Ah, a star shoots!" he exclaimed gayly. "That means a kiss!"

Still laughing, he attempted to draw her to him. Mortified, angry, she fought herself free and leaped to her feet

'How dare you!" she cried in infinite astonishment. For the first time in her relations with this man she was herself—the *grande dame*, the princess of the broad realm, the self respecting woman. Then her calm broke. She burst into the violent sobbing of a child, and ran hurriedly to the Factory

Ned Trent stared after her a minute from beneath scowling brows. He stamped his moccasined foot impatiently

'Like a rat in a trap!" he cried to himself. "Like a rat in a trap, Ned Trent! The Fates are drawing around you close. You need just one little thing, and you cannot get it' Bribery is useless! Force is useless! Craft is useless! This afternoon I thought I saw another way—love. What I could get in no other way I can get for love—from this little girl She is only a child. I have power over her even now—I could make her love me. Ah, Ned Trent, Ned Trent, can you ever forget her frightened white face begging you to be kind!" He paced back and forth between the two bronze guns with long, straight strides, like a panther in a cage

It was mine for the asking—but she made it impossible to ask! I could not do it. Better try *La Longue Traverse*, hopeless as it is, than harm that poor child. What wonderful eyes she has! She thinks I am a brute—how she sobbed, as though her little heart had broken. Well, I meant her to! Now she will despise me and forget me. It is better that she should think me a brute than that I should be one in good earnest'

The door of the distant church house opened and closed. He smiled bitterly

'To be sure, I haven't tried that, he went on. "Their teachings are singularly apropos to my case—mercy, justice, humanity—yes, and love of man. I'll try it. I'll call for help on the love of man, since I cannot on the love of woman. The love of woman—Ah—yes."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## The Painted Desert

A TYPICAL desert of the worst kind is the so-called Painted Desert of Northeastern Arizona. Imagine an endless waste of sand, glaring yellow in the ever-shining sun, level as a billiard table, and bearing not a sign of vegetation anywhere. The dust of the plain is so finely powdered that one's feet sink into it two or three inches at each step, while, to relieve the eye, there is nothing but a hill here and there, shaped invariably like an inverted pot, with its sides scooped out by the action of the elements so as to expose strata of cliffs gleaming in brilliant hues of red, yellow, purple, brown and blue, which give to this waste its name

On the tops of these hills are great quantities of fossil wood, supposed to have been floated there when the desert was an inland sea long ages ago. Much of this wood is transformed into agate, exhibiting the most beautiful colors

The temperature during the day is commonly 140 degrees in the shade of the cliffs, and it is only at night that any symptoms of animal life are discoverable. Then the barrens swarm with scorpions, centipedes of dangerous bite, and great spiders innumerable

Now and then, while on the march, the thirsty traveler sees objects like enormous giants moving across the waste swiftly. They are sand-spouts, resembling water-spouts in their formation, 200 or 300 feet in diameter, perhaps, and many hundreds of feet in height. At all times during the day these wondrous pillars of moving sand are to be seen dancing this way and that over the desert plain. They are not formed by wind, but are sucked up by hot air ascending. Sometimes half a dozen of them will be in sight at once, all whirling in different directions and threatening death with their approach

Then there are sandstorms, tremendous and suffocating, which sweep over the desert. If the wayfarer encounters one of them there is nothing for him to do but to lie down as flat as possible on the ground, with a blanket over his head These are varied in places by sand blasts, which are very different, inasmuch as they are stationary, whereas the sand storms are in motion

Sand-blasts occur along the bases of the cliffs, sweeping before them great bodies of loose sand, that bite into the very rocks, filling them with what look like auger-holes. The heat of the sun is so intense that a thermometer exposed to it breaks almost immediately. So rapid is the evaporation that the juices of the body dry up.

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶It is well that the world-wide empire is a dream. Otherwise it might be a nightmare.

¶Greater New York has an official Bureau of Complaints. This is in addition to its yellow journals.

¶Wide circulation is given to the fact that a servant stayed with the same family fifty years. But let no one take false hope. She is dead.

¶By means of the new tunnels to be constructed under New York any one may take a train from Boston to any other part of the country. But this raises no excitement in Boston. Why, it asks, should any one want to take a train from Boston?

¶This magazine does not pose as a prophet, but some time ago it called attention to the fact that, Mr. Morgan having obtained control of the railroads through the recent mergers, and having secured dominion over the sea through the steamship trust, there remained nothing for his dexterous grasp but the air—and now we read in the papers that he has a large interest in wireless telegraphy.

¶Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox offers a reward of five thousand dollars to any one who proves that she did not write the poem called "Solitude." It is her answer to the charge of plagiarism. If anything were needed to clinch the fact that this is the era of prosperity, she has furnished it. When poets begin to throw five-thousand-dollar checks around, it is a true sign that the Muses are wearing Parisian gowns and playing ping-pong.

¶A remarkable fact in our politics is that with the elimination of the colored vote prohibition is sweeping through the far South. In Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas hundreds of counties have voted "dry." The movement is rapidly spreading. Even in Kentucky the distillers have sounded the alarm and raised a big fund to fight it. If things go on in this way we shall soon behold Colonel Watterson's Star-Eyed Goddess of Reform wearing white ribbons.

¶President Roosevelt will soon be able to add a new chapter to his remarks on the strenuous life. In addition to getting a new administration under way, attending to the office-seekers, running the new islands and answering Emperor William's letters, he delivered a long address at Charleston and is down for an oration on Memorial Day. It all goes to show that hereafter every Presidential candidate should pass a physical examination and not be over forty-five or fifty years old.

## Uncommercial Traveling

A FLOATING item of railway news discloses the fact that a Western railway system has just purchased eight new trains of the most expensive modern equipment, to be used exclusively upon its California-Chicago lines. The trains are like scores of their kind in use upon transcontinental railway lines in America—vestibuled, electric-lighted, fitted with compartment sleepers, a barber shop, a library, a drawing-room, a dining-room and an observation-room Between the great trade centres of this country trains like these ply to accommodate business men on business errands, but in the West and South such trains are filling up more and more frequently with pleasure-seekers—tourists as they are technically known to railroad men and hotel-keepers.

The tourist in America is now a person of enough numerical importance to form an economic class by himself in the business community. He helps to support railways, keeping thousands of men employed who without the tourist traffic would be idle. The tourist is the sole stay of hundreds of hotels which do not cater to commercial travelers. His money finds its way into a myriad channels of trade, and in certain worthy and prosperous sections of the land the tourist divides the responsibility of maintaining the people, only with a not very robust agriculture

But the growth of the habit of traveling has more important sides than its economic side—that is, its social and political side. It is impossible for the American people to travel so much as they do and remain provincial. The traveler is doing more to destroy sectional prejudices—which are really rooted in sectional ignorance and provincialism—than the press and the politicians can ever do. Every summer thousands of Southerners travel North, East and West. Every winter the same number of persons who dread Northern winters go South. America is such a big country that it is always early spring or late fall somewhere in the land. And in the search for fair weather the American is acquiring much information that is not in the railway time-tables. The New Yorker is learning that the drought and the grasshoppers have left Kansas these twenty years; the Nebraskan is learning that Philadelphia is no longer "slow;" the Georgian is discovering that the Minnesotan is not in favor of social equality of the races, and the Abraham Lincoln Republican of Michigan is learning in Florida that the South is using more forbearance and mercy in dealing with the race problem than the Northerner can see at a distance.

Gradually, as these train-loads of tourists go whirling over the land, they will bring about a closer amalgamation of the people—an amalgam fused in sympathy of State for State, city for city, people for people. Intelligent sympathy will breed a broad charity and weld the American people into a "more perfect union."

The money spent by the American tourist is the best possible insurance fund for the perpetuity of American institutions. In no other way than by traveling—by neighboring, to use an old-fashioned phrase—can the distances in America be obliterated, the climatic differences which show in sectional temperament be overcome, and the country gathered about a common national fireside, so when Americans hear the whistle of the "flyer," the "limited," the "overland," the "black diamond," the "fast mail" or the "cannon-ball," they should lift their hats and ask a blessing.

—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

*Like the frog, the pessimist hibernates and then wakes up only to croak.*

## Footprints of the Colossus of Rhodes

CECIL RHODES succeeded in devising something new in the way of the disposition of a fortune which the owner is compelled to leave behind. That is perhaps the chief distinction of his extraordinary will. There have been many endowments of scholarships, but the systematic provision for the collection of young men from all parts of the Anglo-Teutonic world to be educated for a distinct political end is a genuine novelty. It is not likely that its direct effects will equal its author's expectations. There are hundreds of American students at the German universities, but they have not Germanized America or Americanized Germany, or brought the two countries into a closer alliance. It is likely that an Oxford training given to a hundred young Americans would have still less influence, for German educational methods are at least thoroughly practical, and those of Oxford are not.

What influence there is will be felt, thanks to the method of apportionment adopted by Mr. Rhodes, chiefly among a minority of the population of the United States. Two scholarships are to be allotted to each State and Territory The infusion of two Oxford graduates a year into the forty thousand inhabitants of Nevada might give a perceptible tinge of Oxford culture to the intellectual life of the Comstock. But two graduates of any university would be lost among the seven million people of New York. There are more Oxford men in New York City now than could be recruited by the Rhodes scholarships in the next fifty years. No doubt there will be a process of natural selection. Most young Americans feel that they can get, in American institutions, the kind of education best suited to their needs. They will not sacrifice that training for the glittering bait of three years of subsidized golf and rowing at Oxford. Others feel the need of the patient digging they can get in Germany, and they will make their way to Germany regardless of Mr. Rhodes. But there are some to whom the idea of life at Oxford is congenial, and they will endeavor to take advantage of the splendid opportunities offered by the new endowments

It is doubtful, however, whether they will prove just the leaders of men that Mr. Rhodes had in mind.

On the whole, it is probable that the chief benefit of this bequest will be found in its effect upon the imaginations of other millionaires in England. We are used to generous gifts for education in this country, but in England men of wealth find it more natural to found a family than a university or a system of scholarships.

Mr. Rhodes, in his masterful way, has given their minds a wrench in the right direction, and British education ought to profit by it.

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

*The man oftenest caught is he who is willing to do wrong if not found out.*

## The Judge at the City Gate

ALAS for the passing of the judge who sat at the city gate! In the olden day justice was prompt and expeditious. But as civilization has grown swifter justice has grown slower. As marvelous rapidity has been more and more attained in the practical progress of the world, justice has more and more grown laggard. We need the quick decision of the judge who sat at the gate of the city; we need the judge who is ready to pass promptly on whatever case shall come before him.

It is sorrowful to contemplate the slowness of modern judicial procedure. And it is sorrowful to realize that the public have come to look on this dilatoriness as an inevitable, ineradicable, unimprovable condition.

A man enters suit for his rights or for damages. Though his claim be never so good, he must—and especially if his opponent be wealthy or a man of influence—wait weary years for a final decision, and must spend many hundreds or many thousands of dollars on courts and lawyers. Or if a man is unjustly sued, he must spend years of life and a fortune in money before he can establish his simple right to what he has.

Evils of this sort are well known to all. They seldom get into the newspapers, for they are too common to come under the head of news. Many thousands of cases are now in our courts which should have been settled long ago—which would have been settled long ago had we had the promptness of the old-time system that has been so long discarded.

And nothing is more uncertain than modern law; nothing is more involved, more full of complications and contradictions than our statute books. And year by year Congress and our more than twoscore legislatures are adding busily to this unhappy condition with new laws.

There was a directness about the old-fashioned way. Cases were decided out of hand, and there was fully as great a chance of securing substantial justice as under the present long-drawn-out system. There were mistakes and injustice, of course, but no more than there are now.

And if a man has to lose his case, it is far better to know it at once than to learn of it after years of bitter contest and expense.

It was distinctly to save time that the judges were placed at the city gates. Most of the ancients lived out of doors, most of the people worked in the fields, and the presence of the judge at the gate enabled contestants to have their cases adjudged without even the loss of time which would have been involved in searching out a law court in the heart of the town

In criminal cases there is nowadays often a most harmful delay. A man is arrested, charged with a great crime, and then months and months may pass before he is brought to trial, and weeks and weeks may be spent in the hearing long after the witnesses have forgotten their clear impressions of what they saw and knew. And then, more than likely, a new trial is granted, and the farce is solemnly played out again. It is an outrage upon the prisoner, upon the public, or upon both.

Of course, there are some cases which require days or even weeks to secure the presence of a necessary witness or the gathering of special evidence. But such cases are only a small proportion of the total. And the requisite time could be given them without interfering with the celerity which should distinguish the handling of all the others.

Our twentieth century, with its boasted swiftness in all but justice, would do well to secure in that the prompt readiness of the judge who sat at the gate of the city.

—ROBERT SHACKLETON.

*While doubt stands still confidence can erect a skyscraper.*

# THE ESSAY



MISS AGNES REPPLIER

## By Agnes Repplier

THE best corrective for a strenuous life is the essay. Fiction, in this regard, has been unduly praised. It may be the solace and pastime of men bound to earth's wheel and struggling for mastery; but it can afford at best only a little respite and relaxation. There is in it no vital principle of repose. Napoleon, the most strenuous spirit of the modern world, found leisure for novel reading, and novel reading on a very extensive scale. He was no more daunted by the serried volumes of Clarissa Harlowe than by the serried ranks of the allies. But that "large, still book" never quieted the restless force which bade him knock Europe into pieces. He played with Clarissa as Richelieu played with his kittens; both men proved the distinction of their minds by their choice of playthings; neither can be said to have profited by his play.

The novel is the child of action and emotion; the essay is the child of study and repose. It is a late development in the literature of any nation, dealing with materials woven by earlier workmen, and addressing itself to readers who have already some knowledge both of the open records of the world and of the secret thinking of humanity. If criticism creates—we are now solemnly assured it does—the essay is creative; and if its field be narrow, it crystallizes much that is fleeting and elusive into a coherent and communicable form. It is, and has always been, free from bondage and hard rules; it can say what it pleases within the limits of good taste; it is permitted to be anything but dull

"*Tous les genres sont permis, hors le genre ennuyeux.*" It wheedles men into knowledge by the charm of its brevity, and by the variety of subjects it presents for consideration. "Peace be with the soul of that charitable and courteous author," says Lord Shaftesbury, "who, for the common benefit of his fellow-authors, introduced the ingenious way of miscellaneous writing."

### The Rich, Fine Work of Montaigne

Peace be to the soul of Montaigne, that gentleman of Gascony, that egotist "magnanimous and undisguised," who from the rich leisure of unvexed hours moulded the essay into shape, and with it dowered the world. A scholar, a courtier, a lover of solitude and simple things, he had the supreme felicity of controlling his own activities, of thinking his own thoughts, of following his own path in letters as in life. He seems always to be at one and the same time curiously near his reader, and curiously remote from the public, and this is a situation as admirable as it is rare. A reader is a blessed thing; a public stifles and degrades. A reader may be unborn for a century or two, and may be addressed across a comfortable chasm of years; a public waits stamping at the door, and must be kept in good humor with food. A reader reads; a public buys. A reader is a friend; a public is a master. Montaigne was masterless, and it is this circumstance which gives to his work its lasting and penetrating charm. If he were unreserved, it was not to his next-door neighbor that he opened his heart; if he were frankly indecent, it was never to catch the echo of a laugh. His great merit, says Hazlitt, is that he had the courage to write as an author what he thought as a man; but it is aloofness which lends dignity to such startling freedom of speech

Those were stirring days when Montaigne sat in his turret room with fourscore books for company, and wrote of friendship, or of "Caniballes." The uncompromising strenuousness of a fighting faith had turned all France into a battlefield, and drowned Paris in blood. Montaigne bore his share of trouble and danger with high-hearted serenity, and turned from the fierce turbulence of the world to the quiet of his vine-clad hills. It is a significant fact that the essay, which is a thing of peace, was born in the days of war, and that it has offered ever since a narrow by-way of escape from the noise and fury of conflict. "*Que scay je?*" sighed Montaigne, and Charles Lamb unconsciously echoed the question. Neither lived, as men are now bidden to live, in active sympathy with the great movements of his time. Both scrupulously fulfilled the duties near at hand. Neither reflects the passions and enthusiasms that broke in waves about him. Both chronicle fleeting moods and vagrant lines of thought. Neither delivered addresses on anniversaries, nor at the opening of institutions. Both wrote what they desired to say, unconcerned by the attitude of the audience.

When the essay traveled from Perigord to London, it was received with enthusiasm, and imitated upon English lines. Bacon lent to it force and weight, using it as a medium for the guidance of thoughtful and ambitious men, and giving to the subtlest speculations a clear and tangible form. His style is controlled by his themes. He never rambles, and seldom jests—perhaps he knew that wits are not credited with wisdom—but elaborates a single thought in lucid and harmonious words. His essays are genuine observations of life, given first hand by a man of vast ability and sad experience. He is as sincere with himself as is Montaigne, and this form of sincerity, being ill understood, is apt to be called immoral. Montaigne is indecorous, Bacon is cynical. He accepts a working code of life without reference to the ideal; but unhappily if we do not even aspire lamely to the ideal, we are apt to fall lower than our nature warrants. "A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure," says Bacon quite simply; yet no one is more eager than he to guard us against a wanton waste of lies. "The best composition and temperature is to love openness in fame and opinion, secrecy in habit, dissimulation in season, and a power to feign if there be no remedy."

It is hard to gainsay words so reasonable; but we may place by their side a sentence of Cardinal Newman's: "The truest expedience is to answer right out when you are asked; the wisest economy is to have no management; the best prudence is not to be a coward"—and take our choice of wisdom

It was the much calumniated eighteenth century which saw the flowering of the English essay, and had it no other gift to offer its calumniators, this one alone should shame them into silence. It is less the fashion now than it was thirty years ago to heap scorn upon our forefathers; but the air is still heavy with the echoes of Carlyle's thunder, and of Mark Pattison's stern denunciations. "An age whose poetry was without romance, whose philosophy was without insight, and whose public men were without character," says the Rector of Lincoln, the quality of whose mercy is often a good deal strained. "The age of prose, of lying, of sham, the fraudulent bankrupt century, the reign of Beelzebub, the peculiar era of cant," growls Carlyle with his customary richness of epithet. An age of prose it certainly was, and of very good prose at that. A time when men habitually trod the earth and were careful where they walked. A century which has left us such inimitable pictures of its daily life that we know it better than we know any of its predecessors—a circumstance which sufficiently accounts for all upbraiding.

### The Eighteenth Century Essayists

A fair-sized library might be composed wholly of eighteenth century essayists. Two-thirds of them have been consigned gently to oblivion. We like to be wise in our own way, and dull in our own way, and we have no fancy for the wisdom or the dullness of our ancestors. If we could be gay and amusing in our own way, we should probably forget them altogether; but as we have lost this art, we are fain to turn backward now and then for the echo of that light laughter which is such a cheerful element of life. In the matter of humor, the eighteenth century has its successor on the hip. Hazlitt says that Addison's moral essays are "exquisitely beautiful, and quite happy," which is true; yet it is not as a moralist that we most value Addison. Rather do we love in him those qualities which moralists deplore—a habit of concerning himself with vanities rather than with weightier things; a good-tempered tolerance of much that was intolerable; a tendency to rebuke foibles, and ignore less pardonable offenses.

Nothing could have been more unpretending than a penny sheet offered on the twelfth of April, 1709, to a public which received it without enthusiasm. It was the first number of the Tatler; and Richard Steele, under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, was making his first venture in essay-writing. For two years the little paper ran its course, and was then replaced by the more famous Spectator. In those two years the battle was fought and won. Steele and Addison had given to the English essay the form which it retained for a century, and which, after the lapse of another century, we are now endeavoring to reproduce If the old conditions can never be restored, if the old gayety can never be regained, it is at least possible to be brief and lucid. We are more remote—praise be to the gods—from the copiousness of the Edinburgh Reviewers than from the delicate quickness of their predecessors. Only a few years ago the Macmillan Magazine published, under the name of Country Notes, a series of short papers that—save for the difference of the scenes described—might have graced the pages of the Spectator.

The essay is by nature ephemeral. Steele and Addison, Charles Lamb and Hazlitt stand with the immortals; but their contemporaries are for the most part, if not forgotten, at least unread, save by the industrious ones who mean to write about them. What cannot die is the vivid picture of a day that is past, and of a life full to the brim of little details in which we take delight. The Spectator was the best of gossips. "Whatever things men are doing shall give color to my page." Its contributors lived in the world, and were of the world, yet they busied themselves with trifles—with the play-house where Orestes raved "as if he saw something," with Vauxhall and the water-works, with the fox-hunt and the immortal Squire who complained that there had been no fine weather in England since Dutch William held the crown. "*Le jour va passer, mais les badauds ne passeront pas.*" Shall we ever grow too strenuous to love these idle things?

### The Kindly Genius of Charles Lamb

The century that opened with the Tatler and the Spectator closed with the earliest promise of Charles Lamb. He, hearkening to the wise words of Pliny, sought an escape from mortality in literature, and found it. To escape with him is our blessed privilege, a privilege that quiets many an uneasy doubt as to the general desirability of knowing how to read When tempted to regret the accomplishment—in view of all it entails—we take down Elia from our shelves, and the book, responsive to our lightest touch, opens of its own accord at the beloved page on which the little lost chimney-sweep, led by some "high instinct," creeps into the Arundel bed When we have read for the fifty thousandth time words that we know by heart, we no longer rebel against the exigencies of education. We think kindly of Cadmus and his work.

Our love for Lamb, like our love for Miss Austen, is a sentiment that will not bear analysis. It is simply one of the recognized pleasures of life, a pleasure we "think of longest and repent of least;" but which we cannot—and would not if we could—persuade other people to share. It is well to remember that able critics—among them Mr. Walter Bagehot—have held Hazlitt's work to be finer than Lamb's. Perhaps the stubborn originality of Hazlitt appealed irresistibly to an author whose own essays are models of clear and critical thought. "You may live like a gentleman for a twelvemonth on Hazlitt's ideas," says Mr. Birrell; and Mr. Bagehot, having ideas of his own, relished a corresponding richness in his favorite author. Lamb, though occasionally perverse, is always good-tempered. Hazlitt's temper is remarkably bad Lamb addresses a friendly reader. Hazlitt hurls defiance at an imaginary antagonist. Lamb loves London book stalls and old folios. Hazlitt loves prize-fights and *La Nouvelle Héloise*. It is easy to account for Lamb's popularity. It is wise to reckon with Hazlitt's power.

The essay to-day is compelled to be brief, and forbidden to be weighty. Our fathers and grandfathers had more leisure, more patience, and perhaps more studious habits than we have. They did not seem to mind the length of any book, of any poem, of any paper. The Edinburgh Reviewers having set a lamentable example of diffuseness, it became a habit of essayists to wring their subjects dry. The secret of popularity sixty years ago was to have no fear of boring your readers. Discreetly applied, this great principle resulted in some good and careful work. To be afraid of saying things because they have been said before is to condemn one's self to silence, and silence is more lovely than beloved. A familiar air with "variations" seldom fails to please. Macaulay, it has been observed, grudged no labor to prove that two and two make four, and his readers were naturally delighted with the discovery. But Carlyle took just as much trouble to prove that two and two make five, and the difficulties in his way spurred him to angrier and more exhaustive efforts. He was a profound and prejudiced student, brooding over deep abysses, while Macaulay, brilliant, cock-sure and persuasive, scampered across level lands; but neither of them left anything unsaid. Carlyle's essay on Voltaire, Macaulay's essay

**Editor's Note**—This is the fourth paper in the first series of articles which constitute The Home College Course. There will be two more papers on English Language and Literature.

on Warren Hastings, would have filled so many numbers of the Spectator that there would have been no room left for Sir Roger de Coverley or Beau Tibbs.

When we pick up a volume of Mr. Bagehot or of Mr. Lowell, we are sometimes tempted —unwisely—to envy them the surpassing leisure of their days. Mr. Bagehot writes an essay on Bolingbroke as a Statesman, and tells us how Swift hated the Duchess of Somerset, and how angry Queen Anne was when Harley appeared at court in a tie-wig instead of a full-bottom, and how an orange girl named Clara—"a lady of mutable connections"—sold fruit near the Court of Requests He even quotes eighteen lines of amorous but indifferent verse addressed by Bolingbroke to Clara, though they are as remote from statesmanship as from literature. Mr. Lowell is equally comprehensive. He finds time to reiterate a statement in a variety of forms, to make out his case with infinite patience and perseverance. Much is gained by this deliberate treatment. Some things are lost. Among the lost we might now reckon readers. In the scurry of modern life, the one prayer of the reader is, "Be mercifully brief!" We see the answer to this prayer in the persistent shortening of the essay, in its gradual return to its earliest English form. It is, after all, only a little pathway in letters, not a main-traveled road.

And because of its limitations it may deal —even at its best—with limited subjects. Nothing can be less warranted than Mr. Saintsbury's censure of Mr. Arnold for writing two essays upon Maurice and Eugenie de Guérin. Mr. Saintsbury considers that the brother and sister were unworthy of Mr Arnold's consideration, and that he wasted his "very best time" in presenting them with such fine sympathy to English readers. But apart from the fact that Mr. Arnold was better able to judge of what was or was not worth considering than Mr. Saintsbury—though an admirable critic—can ever be, it is precisely the province of the essayist to step out of the grand march, and linger happily in a corner. There are so many people ready, like the young Macaulay, to interpret Milton for our enlightenment. There are so few to rescue from oblivion a page or two of exquisite French prose. "Real criticism," says Mr. Arnold, "obeys an instinct which prompts us to try to know the best that is known and thought in the world, irrespective of practice and politics."

This is to increase our store of felicity. One balanced and beautiful sentence from the Centaur, which haunted Mr. Arnold's memory for fifteen years, compelled him finally to write the essays which so displease Mr. Saintsbury. Sainte-Beuve had already called the attention of the French world to Guérin and his sister. Mr. Arnold followed this lead, enraptured by the distinction of two lives so remote from all that is commonly sought and prized. There is a sentence of Hazlitt's which admirably expresses the worth of such distinction, and its influence upon our literary standards

"If I have had few real pleasures or advantages, my ideas, from their sinewy texture, have been to me in the nature of realities; and if I should not be able to add to the stock, I can live by husbanding the interest."

It is in the pathetic Farewell to Essay-Writing that this law of compensation is put forward for our comforting. The same principle at work in Montaigne's mind prompted the first essay three hundred years ago.

# Men & Women of the Hour

## Speeding the Coming Guest

MR. HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE

THERE was an amusing incident in connection with the recent visit of Prince Henry to Washington, and Mr. Herbert H. D. Peirce, Third Assistant Secretary of State, and President Roosevelt were the principal actors

It was the duty of Mr Peirce to see to the arrangements for the reception of the Prince at the railroad station. Then he was to ride to the White House and notify the President of the arrival

The special train bearing the Prince arrived. Mr Peirce was on hand to greet the party. He saw them into their carriages and well started. Only then did he leave to inform the President of the safe arrival.

Jumping into his own carriage, drawn by two full-blooded, restless horses, Mr. Peirce gave the door of the vehicle a vigorous slam. At the same instant the notes of the bugle of the escorting troop rang out. The sounds frightened the pawing steeds, and with a sudden jump they started on a gallop down the broad avenue

The driver tried in vain to draw them in. The animals, thoroughly frightened, bounded away at an ever-increasing speed. They gradually caught up with the cavalcade of the Prince, which had secured a good lead. Around the Prince's carriage, narrowly missing the rear wheels, the frightened animals dashed, and then straight away for the long reach to Fifteenth Street. A policeman made an ineffectual attempt to stop the team. Then two of the mounted police joined in the chase

The Treasury was reached. Around the big building the team swung in a magnificent circle; then up Fifteenth to the main avenue again, and directly away toward the White House.

The wide driveway to the Executive Mansion reached, the horses turned in, and with an instinct that seemed almost human, pulled up to the main door and stopped.

Mr. Peirce clambered out of the carriage. He dashed into the building. Then his dignity returned. He walked quietly to the President's office.

"I desire to report," he said without a trace of emotion, "that Prince Henry of Prussia has arrived safely in Washington, and that he is now on his way to the White House"

"How long ago did he arrive?" asked the President

"About two seconds, I should say," replied Mr. Peirce.

## Rough on Oats

United States Senator Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, who entered with much spirit into the recent debate on the Philippine Tariff bill, is proud of the achievements of the Rocky Mountain States, and loves to tell stories of the vigorous frontiersmen who blazed the trail for American empire

One story is of a farming community that had established itself on the sunset side of the Rockies. A number of farmers had gathered around the stove at the village grocery, and one of the company was reading aloud from a newspaper.

On account of the swarming of emigrants toward the West, the paper stated, oats had become so scarce that the price had gone up in Denver to two dollars a bushel

"What's em'grants?" interrupted a farmer.

A significant silence demonstrated that the query had stumped the community. Finally the grocer, whose reputation as the infallible oracle of the countryside was at stake, spoke up

"I don't know 'zactly what these pesky em'grants is," explained that worthy man, "but I know they're powerful destructive on oats."

## The Bravery of Moody

The Honorable William H. Moody, of Massachusetts, who steps from Congress to the post of Secretary of the Navy, has won an amiable reputation as a man of solidity of character.

On one occasion when an opponent protested that he had been done an injustice, Mr. Moody with quick courtesy instructed the stenographers to furnish an abstract of the speech to the protesting member, so that the latter might have opportunity to mark for expurgation any objectionable paragraphs

When a colleague at one time doubted whether Mr. Moody's constituents would indorse a measure he was supporting, he replied:

"I was not sent here to shake and shiver like a dry leaf in a November gale whenever a protest came from home, but to exercise my intelligence and to vote for measures according to how, in my best judgment, they would benefit or injure the people"

## When Paderewski Played

When Paderewski, the pianist, was in Washington not long ago he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Koven. After the renowned Pole had departed from the city Mr. De Koven said to a friend:

"I never have any music at my house while Mr. Paderewski is a guest there, but there was one time when Paderewski himself played, and played for me for nothing. I believe I am the only man in America for whom he has done so much.

"You know there is a popular idea that the great pianists—and almost any of the great virtuosi, for that matter—play freely when at the homes of their friends. Nothing could be more mistaken. They do not play themselves, neither would they permit any one to play for them. Music is simply barred. But one time Paderewski did play for me.

"I was at my residence, then in New York, and was entertaining at a musicale a number of singers, famous in grand or comic opera. Suddenly word came to me that Mr Paderewski had arrived. I had not expected him and was much surprised at his visit. Hurrying to the door, I greeted him warmly and asked, somewhat wonderingly, if anything serious had happened

"'Oh, no,' he replied 'I simply heard you were having a little musicale of your own in a quiet way, and thought I should come around and play a little myself for you. You will not mind, will you?'

"'Mind!' I cried, thinking of the large sums paid him for a single hour's performance, and then: 'Why, you know you are most welcome at any time!'

"And didn't he play. Forty-five minutes, f-o-r-t-y-f-i-v-e m-i-n-u-t-e-s!

"No one objected, I assure you."

## Senator Bacon as a Cook

SENATOR A. O. BACON

UNITED STATES Senator Augustus O. Bacon, of Georgia, who has been taking a very prominent part in Senate debates, is one of the most dignified members of that assembly. He never seeks in his speeches to provoke the mirth of his colleagues. His gravity is not studied but natural

"Even in his social moments he rarely indulges in humor," said Congressman John W. Maddox, of the same State, who was speaking admiringly of the Senator's ability in statesmanship. "Senator Bacon is fond of hunting and fishing," continued Mr. Maddox, "and last year I had the pleasure of accompanying him on an outing. The Senator would listen to funny stories, but only once did he venture to tell one himself. That one, however, was so good that we haven't got over laughing at it yet.

"One day I caught a big yellow-bellied terrapin. The Senator was delighted and stayed in camp the next day to superintend the soup-making. The soup was delicious and we said so unreservedly. Then the Senator told his story. In preparing the terrapin he had assisting him a colored man of the neighborhood whom we had employed The man didn't know us and never dreamed that the man in rough raiment presiding over the steaming kettle was a United States Senator.

"The colored man was given a bowl of soup, and smacked his lips and otherwise displayed his sense of bliss.

"'You like the soup, do you, George?' asked the Senator.

"'Deed I do,' was the reply. Then he added.

"'Say, boss, I'd like to ax you a little question'

"'What is it?' responded the Senator. 'Go ahead.'

"'I'd like to know,' said the darky between eager sips of the terrapin soup, 'is you jes' a plain cook or is you a steward? Foh you do cert'nly know yore business.'"


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# With Malice Aforethought

(Continued from Page 5)

to the same amount. They understood each other. It had come to that point where there was no way out save only the ancient, eternal way between man and man. It is only the great Mediocracy that goes to law in these personal matters. "So he has talked about me some?" said the Virginian.

"It's the whiskey," Scipio explained.

"I expect," said McLean, "he'd run a mile if he was in a state to appreciate his insinuations."

"Which we are careful not to mention to yu'," said Wiggin, "unless yu' inquire for 'em."

Some of the fools present had drawn closer to hear this interesting conversation. In gatherings of more than six there will generally be at least one fool, and this company must have numbered twenty men.

"This country knows well enough," said one fool who hungered to be important, "that you don't brand no calves that ain't your own."

The saturnine Virginian looked at him. "Thank you," said he gravely, "for your indorsement of my character." The fool felt flattered. The Virginian turned to his friends. His hand slowly pushed his hat back and he rubbed his black head in thought.

"Glad to see yu've got your gun with you," continued the happy fool. "You know what Trampas claims about that affair of yours in the Tetons? He claims that if everything was known about the killing of Shorty——"

"Take one on the house," suggested the proprietor to him amiably. "Your news will be fresher." And he pushed him the bottle.

"This talk had went the rounds before it got to us," said Scipio, "or we'd have headed it off. He has got friends in town."

Perplexity knotted the Virginian's brows. This community knew that a man had implied he was a thief and a murderer; it also knew that he knew it. But the case was one of peculiar circumstances, assuredly. Could he avoid meeting the man? Soon the stage would be starting south for the railroad. He had already to-day proposed to his sweetheart that they should take it. Could he for her sake leave unanswered a talking enemy upon the field?

Into these reflections the fool stepped once more. "Of course, this country don't believe Trampas," said he. "This country——"

But he contributed no further thoughts. From somewhere in the rear of the building, where it opened upon the tin cans and the hinder purlieus of the town, came a movement, and Trampas was among them, courageous with whiskey.

All the fools now made themselves conspicuous. One lay on the floor, knocked there by the Virginian, whose arm he had attempted to hold. Others struggled with Trampas, and his bullet smashed the ceiling before they could drag the pistol from him.

"There now! there now!" they interposed, "you don't want to talk like that." For he was pouring out a tide of hate and vilification. Yet the Virginian stood quiet by the bar, and many an eye of astonishment was turned upon him. "I'd not stand half that language," some muttered to each other. Still the Virginian waited, quietly, while the fools reasoned with Trampas. But no earthly foot can step between a man and his destiny. Trampas broke suddenly free.

"Your friends have saved your life," he rang out with obscene epithets. "I'll give you till sundown to leave town."

There was total silence instantly.

"Trampas," spoke the Virginian, "I don't want trouble with you."

"He never has wanted it," Trampas sneered to the bystanders. "He has been dodging it for five years. But I've got him corraled."

Some of the Trampas faction smiled.

"Trampas," said the Virginian again, "are yu' sure yu' really mean that?"

The whiskey bottle flew through the air, hurled by Trampas, and crashed through the saloon window behind the Virginian.

"That was surplusage, Trampas," said he, "if yu' mean the other."

"Get out by sundown, that's all!" said Trampas. And wheeling, he went out of the saloon by the rear, as he had entered.

"Gentlemen," said the Virginian, "I know you will all oblige me."

"Sure!" exclaimed the proprietor heartily. "We'll see that everybody lets this thing alone."

The Virginian gave a general nod to the company, and walked out into the street.

"It's a turruble shame," sighed Scipio, "that he couldn't have postponed it."

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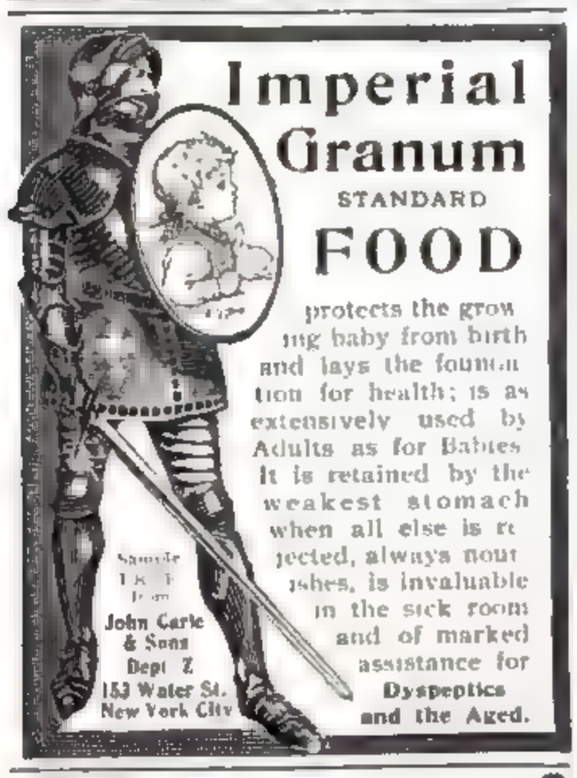

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# Campaigning in Missouri

THERE have been some brisk and picturesque Senatorial campaigns in the State of Missouri, but none has ever been brisker or more picturesque than that recently waged between former Governor William Joel Stone and Congressman Champ Clark. Mr. Clark has lately withdrawn from the race, for the reason, according to his published statement, that he could not run for the Senate in Missouri and act the part of Congressman in Washington at one and the same time.

Governor Stone and Mr. Clark began their campaign in Monroe County one very hot day last summer.

It was at the Monroe County fair that the campaign was started. Several thousand yeomen had gathered to see the horse-racing and the exhibition of fatted cattle, caring little enough about the appearance of the candidates. There was a natural curiosity to see the two men, of course, but the matter of summer speeches was not at all appealing. When Governor Stone was presented to the crowd in the grandstand a horse race was about to be run and there was consequent interest of such intensity that the men refused to be quiet long enough for the speaker to begin. Neither were the women willing that he should speak, for an important baby show had been held and the judges had not yet nerved themselves sufficiently to announce the name of the winner.

After half an hour of waiting, Governor Stone wiped the perspiration from his brow and sat down. Then Congressman Clark's great form towered above the others on the stand and he waved a demand for silence. Still the noise continued. Mr. Clark was less patient than Governor Stone and after ten minutes he, too, gave up. The chairman of the political meeting lifted his chair and climbed over the rail with it to the ground beyond. He beckoned the two speakers to follow. They did so, accompanied by a group of interested politicians, all carrying split-bottom chairs. Across the race-track, cloudy with summer dust, over the sun burned grass, the procession moved, growing in volume as curiosity moved the audience in the grandstand to follow. The politicians led the way down into the woods, where some one drew a spring wagon to a position under the shade of a giant oak tree.

Governor Stone and Congressman Clark climbed into the wagon with the chairman of the county committee, who began by asking the company that stood about to sit on the ground. There was some demurring at first, but with the acquiescence of half a dozen persons the rest speedily followed the example. By this time the audience numbered two thousand. Governor Stone was the first to be introduced.

"Ladies and fellow-citizens," he said, "if you can imagine a worse position than that which I now occupy I should like to know of it—I am sandwiched between a horse-race and Champ Clark."

There was much laughter over this, while the Congressman competitor, seated in the wagon beside the speaker, merely smiled and fanned himself with his broad straw hat. The speech continued for nearly an hour, with waits at intervals of fifteen minutes for the crowd to stand up for a brief rest. Then Congressman Clark was introduced.

"When the Governor began his speech," said Mr. Clark, "he said that he was going to make a few remarks. If it takes him sixty minutes to make a few remarks you have my congratulations on the fact that he did not elect to make a speech."

So the afternoon went by. After it was all over some one said to Mr. Clark that it was remarkable that candidates for the United States Senatorship in the fifth State in the Union should begin their actual campaign from the heights of a spring wagon, with only the trees and sky for covering and with a pasture lot for the seats of the audience.

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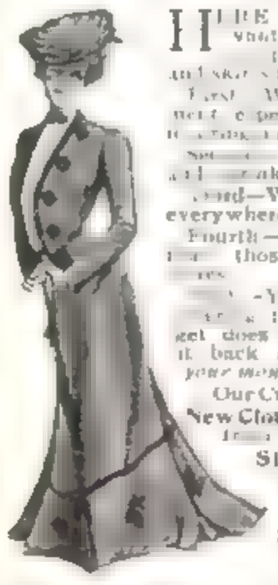

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Helga, the heroine, is boldly but happily drawn. Despite her easy familiarity with knives and blood-letting she has womanly graces which throw their spell upon the reader as they did upon Alwin, the son of an English earl, who had been captured by the Northmen and sold to Leif the Lucky, foster-son of Olaf of Norway and son of Eric the Red of Greenland. Leif's mission to convert Eric to Christianity plays an important part in the story, as does his daring expedition from Greenland which results in the exploration of Vinland

Every page of this story is touched with picturesque color, and displays vigorous imagination and a diction which is uncommonly clear and attractive.

Six full-page illustrations in color compel comment They are from paintings by Margaret and Troy Kinney and are strikingly rich and forceful, showing fine imaginative quality with excellent technical skill. The cover design and the quaint initials, after Norse wood-carvings, are by the same artists.

—*Forrest Crissey.*

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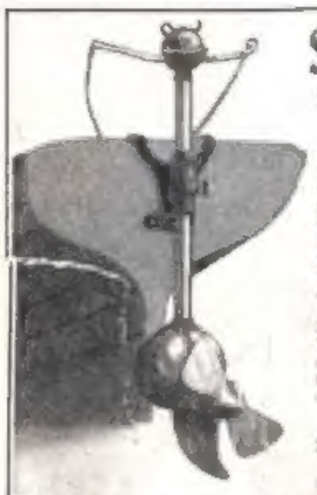

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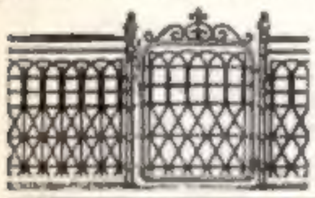

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**100 VISITING CARDS** Post paid 35c

Latest Style and Sizes; 200, 60 cents. Name and address. The best. WEDDING INVITATIONS, samples 3 cents. Agents wanted.

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**The IDEAL SQUARE STEAM Cooker**

**With Doors.** Cooks a whole meal over 1 burner, on *gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove.* **Reduces Fuel Bills One-Half**

Has water gauge and replenishing tube on outside. **Makes tough meats tender.** Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. We also make the world-renowned round **Ideal Cooker with whistle.** *We pay express.* The Housekeeper's Friend. Agents' Bonanza. Send for illus. catalogue. **Agents Wanted.**

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# UNCLE SAM'S NURSERY

BUDDING IMPORTED FIG TREES OF CHOICE VARIETIES

## By René Bache

UNCLE SAM has undertaken a new enterprise. Having urged for a long time the expediency of tree-planting, he has at last gone into the business himself in a practical way, and is giving substantial encouragement to the movement by distributing young seedlings of valuable species all over the country. In fact, he has established in Washington a sort of arboricultural gift bureau, which is sending out to all parts of the United States, free of charge, such trees and tree-seeds as appear to be most suitable for this or that section.

It must not be supposed, however, that anybody can obtain trees gratuitously, simply by asking for them. They are distributed exclusively through Members of Congress, and are shipped under their franks to such addresses as they may indicate. In each case the seedlings forwarded are of such kinds as are best adapted to the soil and climate of the region whither they are going. For example, certain species are specially intended for the arid and comparatively treeless parts of the West and Southwest, where their introduction is expected to be productive of most beneficial results.

For the object of this new enterprise is not so much to encourage tree-planting in a general way as to accomplish the introduction of valuable species. In the semi-arid Southwest, to cite an instance, much benefit is likely to be derived from the carob tree, which is now being distributed in that part of the country. This interesting tree is otherwise known as St. John's bread; it is very beautiful, grows rapidly, gives plenty of shade, and bears quantities of long pods which contain seeds that are surrounded by

DIGGING UP SEEDLING TREES FOR DISTRIBUTION


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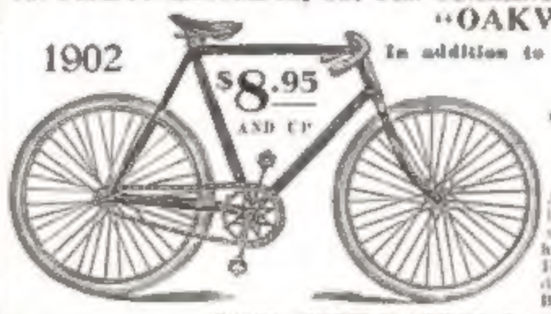

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Every person buying of us or any of our dealers (sending us their receipt) a pair of Black Cat Garters for men and women, or a pair of Snap-on Hose Supporters for women, before June 10, will share in $100.00 cash, to be distributed equally June 20. On the condition that they tell us their dealer's name, the sort of supporter or garter they have been wearing, and why the

**BLACK CAT GARTERS**

are best. Black Cat's peculiar advantage, that frees them from objections in other makes, is the **Expanding Metal Loop** which fits over any thickness of hose, holds firmly, yet expands just enough under strain, so that it never cuts or tears the finest hose. The Snap-on Hose Supporter, beautifully made of the best ornamentally frilled elastic, gives the military effect. It fastens on the bottom hook of the corset and can't unfasten accidentally. Colors: Blue, pink, yellow, lavender, red, black and white. Price **25 cents.** Illustrated catalogue **FREE.** Ask your dealer for them; if he doesn't keep them, send your order to

**BLACK CAT GARTER CO., 246 Market Street, Chicago, Ill.**



**WE SELL DIRECT**

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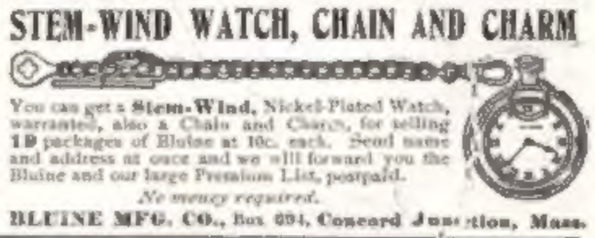

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All three using Fay-Sholes machines against 28 competitors using the other standard makes.

New McGurrin Booklet on Speed Writing, etc., FREE. *Agents wanted.*

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**10 ROSES for 25 cts.**

BEAUTIFUL EVERBLOOMING

All strong growing and free flowering.
**My "Triumph" Rose Collection**
Contains only the choicest varieties, are grown on their own roots and will bloom freely this summer, either grown in pots or planted out in the garden.

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ORDER NOW DON'T WAIT
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*On a Country Road*

WITH A

**Mitchell Motor Bicycle**

Mr. F. B. Hart, Chicago, says: "I never realized the pleasurable possibilities of the wheel until I rode a 'Mitchell.' The points most worthy are the high power of the Motor, steadiness of running and the general strength and simplicity of the machine. As evidence of this I have ridden 32 miles on Illinois roads in 57 Minutes."

The Mitchell Motor Bicycle is an *ideal pleasure conveyance*, combining the simplicity and safety of an ordinary wheel with the power and speed of an automobile. Is specially adapted for business men and physicians. Maximum cost of operating is 10 cts. for 50 miles. Under absolute control, fully guaranteed.

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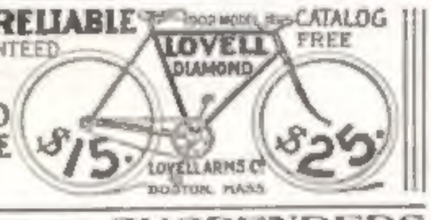


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a sweet pulp. The pods, which are a foot in length, furnish an excellent fodder for horses and pigs, while the pulp is edible by human beings.

There is a widespread notion, of uncertain origin, that the seeds and pulp of the carob were respectively the locusts and wild honey eaten by St. John in the desert, and the pods are supposed to have been the husks which sustained the existence of the Prodigal Son after his money was gone. Whether this be correct or not, it is certain that these "locust pods," as they are called, are esteemed a delicacy in the south of Europe to-day. The tree does well in regions where there is hardly any rainfall, its roots burrowing deep into the ground, and therefore it is likely to be of very great usefulness in Arizona, New Mexico, Southern Colorado, and Texas.

Another interesting exotic is the ginkgo, or maidenhair tree, which comes from Japan. The avenue that leads up to the main entrance of the Department of Agriculture is flanked by two rows of these trees, which are specially adapted for streets and lawns. They are so sturdy that no ordinary storm can knock them down, and another important point in their favor is that no insect seems to care to attack them. Their leaves are very peculiar, having no ribs, but resembling in shape and appearance the leaves of the maidenhair fern, exaggerated in size.

### *Sleepers of Catalpa Wood*

At the present time the railroads are planting on an extensive scale the so-called Western catalpa, which is the best of all woods for ties. Sixteen bushels of the seeds of this tree were gathered and sown last fall, and its propagation will be encouraged by distributing the seedlings in Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, Nebraska, Colorado and Kansas. It is one of the handsomest of the conspicuously flowering trees, bearing great racemes of white and yellow blossoms resembling the gloxinia.

The bald cypress is a native of the Dismal Swamp, and its northern limit is the swamps of New Jersey. However, it is an excellent tree in dry ground, its roots penetrating deep down, though under such conditions it does not develop the peculiar "knees" which ordinarily buttress its trunk. In shape it resembles a Lombardy poplar, and it is one of the few conifers that lose their foliage in winter. This species is to be distributed in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and all over the South.

The pin oak is to be distributed over the South and also in Hawaii. It is one of the finest of the oaks, being specially suitable for streets. To Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas goes the handsome burr oak, which has a shaggy bark and the largest acorns borne by any species of oak native to North America.

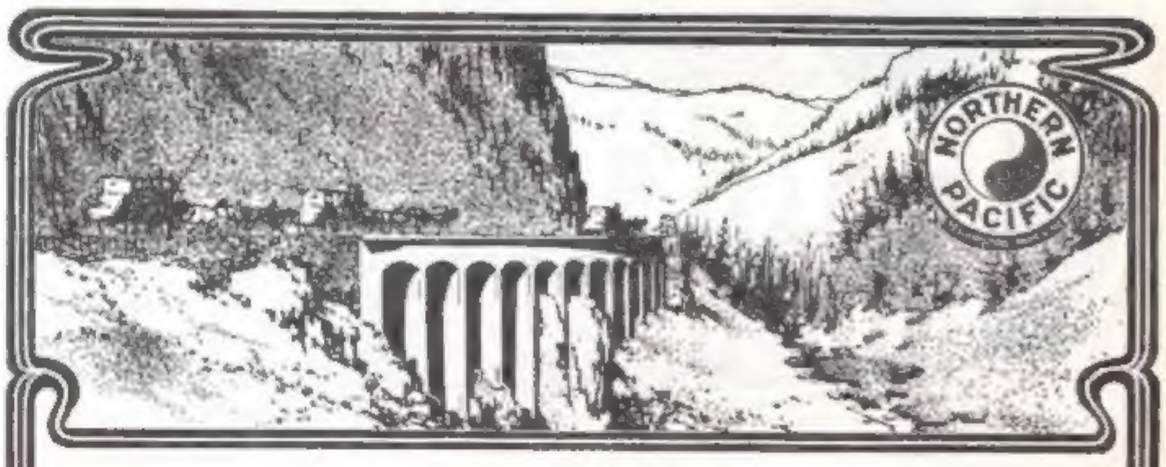
Several bushels of seeds of the Kentucky coffee tree were collected in the Capitol grounds last autumn, and the seedlings obtained from them are being sent out to Nebraska, Colorado and Kansas. This is a very handsome pod-bearing species. It attains a height of sixty feet.

### *Cultivating the Nut Trees*

Perhaps the most interesting branch of the tree-distributing work is that which has to do with the nut trees. For a long time past the Department of Agriculture has been most anxious to encourage the production of improved varieties of walnuts, pecans and other nuts, deeming that these might advantageously supersede the wild crops gathered in the woods.

Not long ago an agent of the Department found in Greece some wonderful walnuts, about six times as big as ordinary walnuts, and sent home some living wood from the trees, with buds. This material was used for making grafts upon common walnut seedlings, and, as a result, several hundred young trees are now on hand, every one of which is expected to produce the huge nuts.

The "pecan belt" extends through Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee, and up to Southern Iowa. Scattered through it here and there are a few individual trees which produce nuts of extraordinary size, paper-shelled and filled with meat. One such nut, indeed, will hold four times as much meat as an every-day pecan; hence the usefulness of a successful effort recently made by the Department of Agriculture to procure several bushels of these notable nuts, which were sown and in due time produced seedlings. At present the young trees are being distributed all over the South and the Middle West.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**This is right — the Park is the WORLD'S WONDERLAND**

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**"WONDERLAND 1902,"** describes this Wonderland, with its great GEYSERS, WATERFALLS and CAÑONS, also the beautiful lake region of Minnesota, and the Puget Sound country. Its leading chapter is on "Mining in Montana," and another and interesting one is about the Northern Cheyenne Indians. The book is finely illustrated and will be sent upon receipt of six cents, to any address, by Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass. Agent, N. P. R., St. Paul, Minn.

Send 25 cents for "YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK."

**A 50c HAT FOR MAN OR BOY**

MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix and Black Mix.

BOY'S HAT No. 3
In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel and Pearl.

Any hat shown here will be mailed, postpaid, upon receipt of 50c., postal order or stamps. Money refunded if hat is not satisfactory. We refer to First National Bank, Middletown, N. Y. We could not sell hats at this price except that we send our catalogue with them and so benefit by further sales. Give head size, color and number desired. *One No. 1 shape is also made in a $1 grade.*

**Middletown Hat Company**
**66 Mill St., Middletown, N. Y.**

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In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel and Pearl.

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In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, Black Mix.

To all who suffer from **SPINAL DEFORMITIES** 85 Per Cent. Cheaper than the old methods. 100 Per Cent. Better.

Weighs ounces where others weigh pounds. For Men, Women and Children; none too young, none too old to be helped.

We offer the only Scientific Appliance ever invented for the relief of this unsightly condition; permanently relieved Mr. P. B. Sheldon, the inventor, of curvature of the spine of 30 years' standing.

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Our appliance is light in weight, durable and conforms to the body so as not to evidence that a support is worn. It is constructed on strictly scientific anatomical principles, and is truly a godsend to sufferers from spinal troubles. We also make scientific Appliances for weak back, stooping shoulders. Send for free booklet and letters from physicians, physical instructors, and those who know from experience of our wonderful appliances. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Write today for measurement blank. Don't wait.

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After having worn the plaster-of-paris jackets, I can truthfully say your appliance is far more comfortable to wear. It corrects curvature quite as well and fits the body so perfectly that no one would suspect I was wearing one. You have my life-long gratitude and well wishes. IDA BLOOD.

☞ The plaster-of-paris jacket above mentioned weighed 8½ lbs. The Philo Burt Appliance put on in its place weighed 17 ounces—a difference of 115 ounces, or more than 7 pounds.

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**Elkhart Carriage and Harness Manufacturing Company, Elkhart, Ind.**

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"The **MASON & HAMLIN PIANO** is, I believe, an instrument of the very first rank."

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## Taught by mail — in your own home

**FREDERICK W. STONE**

Athletic Instructor of The Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture

Formerly Director of Athletics of Columbia College and Knickerbocker Athletic Ass'n, New York. At present Director of Athletics of the Chicago Athletic Ass'n, where he has classes daily from 12 to 1 and 4 to 6. At 52 years he is still a physically perfect man. He established the world's record for 100 yards sprint (9 4-5 seconds); has been before the public 32 years as an athlete and instructor, and, it must be admitted, is thoroughly qualified to teach others the science of self-development.

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In every walk of life should have a keen interest in their physical welfare. Particularly should LAWYERS, DOCTORS, BANKERS, CLERGYMEN, EDUCATORS, MERCHANTS and others of sedentary occupations look after their physical being. Ten minutes each day devoted to intelligent, systematic, persistent exercise will actually add years to one's life — a benefit which can hardly be measured in dollars and cents. We are successfully teaching THE STONE METHOD of Scientific Physical Culture to men and women in every part of the world. It requires only 10 minutes' time each day, in your own room, just before retiring, or upon arising. NO APPARATUS WHATEVER IS REQUIRED, and you will be put to no expense aside from our modest fee. There is no guesswork about it, for individual instruction is given in every case.

THE STONE METHOD is a system of concentrated exertion, by which more exercise is actually obtained in 10 minutes than by the use of apparatus two hours. The exercises are rational, moderate, and are taught by an instructor who is thoroughly versed in physiology. DOES NOT OVERTAX THE HEART. The flow of blood is stimulated TOWARD the heart, thus relieving that organ, rather than giving it more work to do. Our pupils are of both sexes, and range in age from 12 to 86 years. THE STONE METHOD embraces a thorough course in deep breathing, as well as physical training, WITHOUT EXTRA EXPENSE.

Conscientiously and systematically follow our instructions and we can promise you a fine, strong, well-developed physique, which bears every evidence of perfect manhood or womanhood; a clear brain; a light step; a splendid circulation that will make itself known in a ruddy complexion; bright eyes; sound, easy-working lungs, with plenty of room in which to expand; an increased appetite; good digestion; an active liver; sound, restful sleep; a cheerful disposition; an erect carriage. If you are too fat we can reduce your weight to normal, and if you are thin we can increase your weight to what it should be. In a word, we give you GREATER STRENGTH, BETTER HEALTH, LONGER LIFE.

## Extracts from Recent Letters

### From a LAWYER

After a thorough trial of The Stone Method I am pleased to recommend it unqualifiedly to all those who wish better lungs, harder muscles, and a greater measure of life in general. I am firmly convinced that Mr. Stone has made no claims that he cannot substantiate if his directions are conscientiously carried out.
JOHN B. ARCHER, Detroit, Mich.

### From a PHYSICIAN

I am very much pleased with my progress. You time the extent of exercises exactly to suit me. Your system follows physiological laws, therefore must be right. I am only sorry more of my fellow-beings do not know of and do not use such a powerful factor for fostering health, happiness, and even longevity itself.
W. N. ROBERTSON, M. D.,
33 Erie St., Stratford, Ont., Can.

### From a BANKER

I have been greatly benefited by The Stone Method. My muscles have increased in size and firmness, and my general physical condition has improved, and I believe that great benefit will be derived by the use of your method in every instance where faithfully followed.
THOS. W. SYNNOTT,
Pres. First National Bank, Glassboro, N. J.

### From a CLERGYMAN

I have taken the entire course and the benefit has been far greater than I ever expected. I am in better health now than I have been for years, and am stronger than ever before in my life. The exercises, though without apparatus, have a better effect than any I have ever taken in a gymnasium. One thing especially worthy of note: The exercises can be taken without any strain upon the heart.
REV. R. E. VINSON,
Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Charlestown, W. Va.

### From a TEACHER

My muscles are firmer, my appetite is good, my sleep is more refreshing and restful. In fact, I am much pleased with the results so far attained.
WM. A. RAWLES,
Ass't Professor of History and Economics, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

## Women

Receive quite as much benefit from THE STONE METHOD of Scientific Physical Culture as men. Indeed, it is an open question whether they are not susceptible to greater results. The sedentary life of the average woman would seem to indicate this. About forty per cent. of our pupils are women, and the results are most gratifying. No woman desires the same muscular development which she admires in men. This proves again the desirability of our individual instruction. In every case we take into consideration the occupation, habits, mode of living, and the object which the pupil desires to attain, and give instructions accordingly. We can insure perfect health, a good complexion, and, when desired, an increased chest development; we can increase the weight or reduce it; we fill out those hollow places and give the form that beautiful contour so much desired; we can also reduce the abdomen as surely as day follows night.

We should like to hear from every woman who has enough interest in her health and in her perfect development to read this advertisement. We have some literature and testimonials which we will send FREE for the asking, and we are confident they will not only prove interesting, but convincing proof of the superiority of THE STONE METHOD over any other system.

### What WOMEN Say

I am delighted with The Stone Method and find that my general health is much better. The muscles of my arms are much firmer, my nervousness is less and digestion improved.
MRS. ANDREW DAUGHERTY, 44 Grace Court, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Was much surprised at the wonderful effect your system has on the bones and muscles, and, in fact, on the whole body, the muscles being firmer and stronger than before.
KATE A. HUNTER, 209 E. 40th St., New York.

MY RAPID DECLINE IS CHECKED. I refuse all medicines from my physician and am relying wholly upon your exercises and fresh air to make me well and strong again.
MRS. ELMER LANE, Burlington, Kansas.

We have prepared a 32-page booklet, fully describing **The Stone Method** and our plan of mail instruction. This booklet contains photographs from life of those who have perfected themselves physically by **The Stone Method.** The booklet shows what **you** can attain. We want **every reader** of The Saturday Evening Post to have it. **Sent free** with measurement blank and testimonials. Write to-day. It will prove interesting whether you want to take instruction or not.

## The Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture

**1668 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.**